

# MANABOZHO

## THE GREAT WHITE RABBIT

E  
98  
F6W28



MAUDE · RADFORD · WARREN

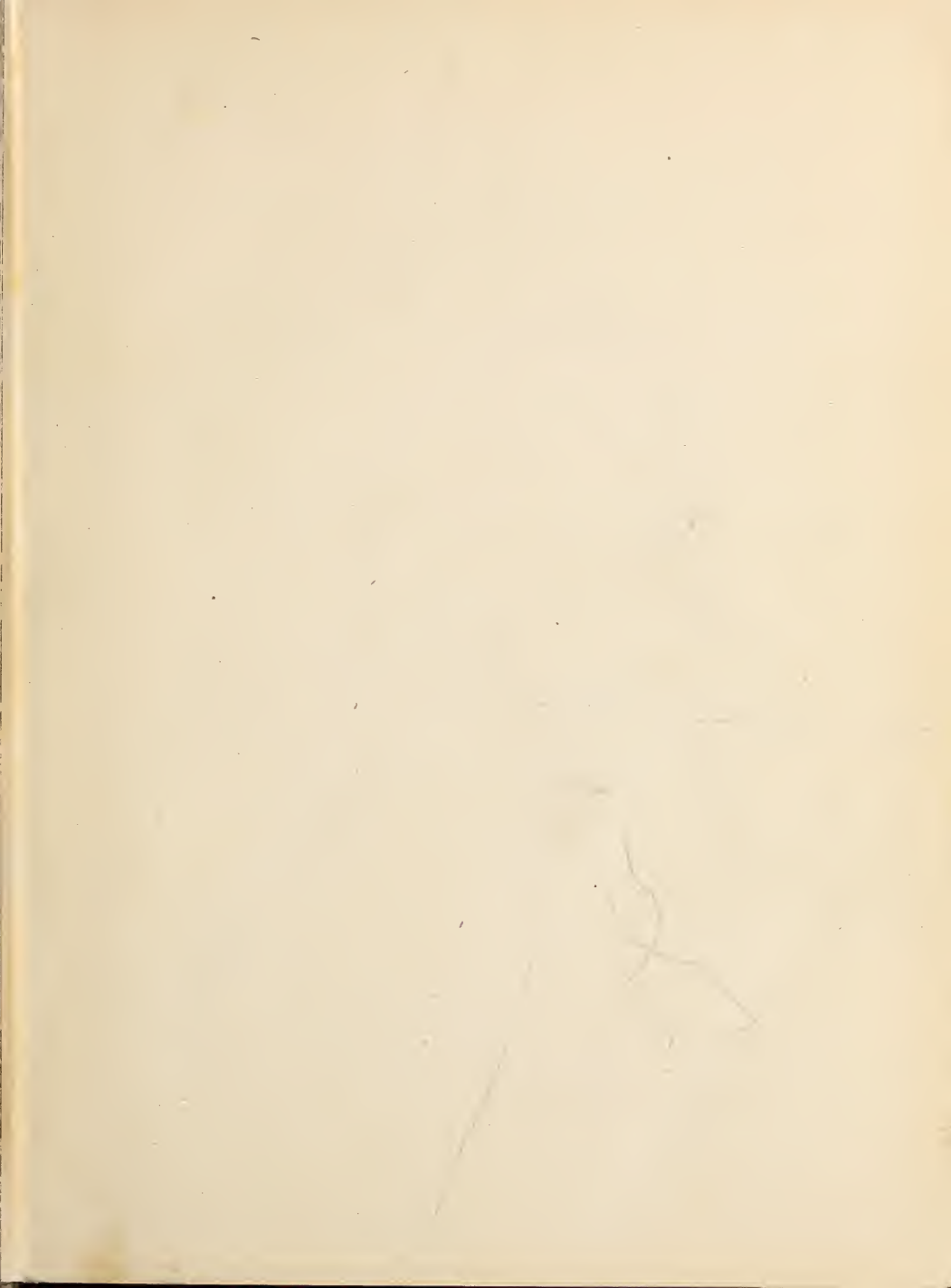


Class E 98

Book F6 W28

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**





# MANABOZHO







*The Beaver caught the little coal in his paw and ran for his life*

MANABOZHO  
THE GREAT WHITE RABBIT  
AND  
OTHER INDIAN STORIES

By  
MAUDE RADFORD WARREN  
*Author of "King Arthur and His Knights," "Robin Hood  
and His Merry Men," "Little Pioneers"*

*Illustrated by*  
WARNER CARR



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
CHICAGO

NEW YORK

E 98  
.F6 N28

Copyright, 1918  
BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

RECEIVED  
MAR 28 1918



MAR 28 1918

©CL A 492719

20 |

Apr. 1, 1888

C. F. R.

To  
Max Millikan  
*with love from*  
"AUNTIE MAUDE"



## THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Colored Illustrations</i> . . . . .	10
<i>The Foreword</i> . . . . .	11
HOW MANABOZHO MADE THE LAND . . . . .	13
THE FIRST SUMMER IN THE NEW WORLD . . . . .	19
THE STORY OF THE PINE TREES . . . . .	26
HOW MANABOZHO WENT FISHING . . . . .	35
MANABOZHO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SEA SERPENT . . . . .	40
MANABOZHO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SHINING MAGICIAN . . . . .	46
THE FIRST TRAVELS OF PAUPUKEWIS . . . . .	51
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PAUPUKEWIS AND THE WOLVES . . . . .	56
HOW PAUPUKEWIS GOT HIS WINTER FOOD . . . . .	61
THE ADVENTURE OF PAUPUKEWIS WITH THE BEAVERS AND BRANTS . . . . .	65
THE LAST ADVENTURE OF PAUPUKEWIS . . . . .	71
THE STORY OF THE RACCOON AND THE CRAWFISH . . . . .	76
THE STORY OF THE HOPPER . . . . .	80
THE DEEDS OF THE FOX . . . . .	85
HOW THE FOX WAS PUNISHED . . . . .	89
THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK CAT . . . . .	95
THE HARE AND THE WOODPECKER . . . . .	100
THE STORY OF SHINGEBISS . . . . .	104
THE STORY OF THE SIX YOUNG EAGLES . . . . .	109
THE STORY OF THE SUMMER-MAKER . . . . .	114
THE VISIT TO THE SKY . . . . .	121
HOW THE ANIMALS LOST THEIR SPEECH . . . . .	127
<i>The Bibliography</i> . . . . .	133

## THE COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
<i>The Beaver caught the little coal in his paw and ran for his life . . . . .</i>	Frontispiece
<i>The animals were gathered about the Great White Rabbit . . . .</i>	13
<i>The Beaver saw the deep red glow of the fire . . . . .</i>	30
<i>Paupukewis and the wolves fell in with the tracks of a moose . .</i>	52
<i>The Raccoon stuck out his claws toward the Crawfish . . . .</i>	76
<i>The Pig squealed and ran angrily toward the Yellow Cat . . . .</i>	92
<i>Gray Eagle stood on the edge of the nest . . . . .</i>	110
<i>The beavers all rose up to greet the king of the elks . . . . .</i>	128

## THE FOREWORD

To-day people are thinking as they never did before of how priceless are the spirit and the ancient soil of any nation. Perhaps there could be no more fitting time to bring to young children something of the spirit of the primitive, fettered, but noble race that held our wide lands before they came to be ours. We teach school children myths that are Grecian and Roman, Celtic and Slavic; it is also important that they should absorb something of the myths of the North American Indians.

The average child thinks of his predecessors on this continent with superiority, possibly with a touch of contempt, as savages. He knows that their civilization was meager, that they were hunters rather than agriculturists, were ignorant of the serene arts that help a race to grow, just as prowess in warfare has so far always helped to keep a race in possession of its own land. He knows that the Indians were not builders nor musicians nor poets nor painters except in the crudest fashion; that their boats were of the simplest, their transportation facilities negligible, their commerce quite lacking; that they had no cows, and practically no vegetables except corn.

Yet scantily fitted forth though the Indians were, primitive and fettered, they had great and good qualities. The legends of Manabozho or the Great White Rabbit show these qualities: hospitality, generosity, bravery, patience, unselfishness, a sense of protection for the weaker, a sense, too, of justice — the child may find them all in these tales of the animals in whom the Indians saw human characteristics. Manabozho cares for his subjects; he will not permit the King of the Fishes to wreak wrong upon the helpless. He directs his animals, but he lets them help themselves, too, as when he has them solve the problem of getting their fire from the pines and the

cedars. He is grateful when the gulls and the woodpecker help him. He is brave in the face of pain when the serpents are trying him. He shows patience under the wickedness of the deceitful spirit Paupukewis, punishing him only when patience is no longer wisdom. There is the cheerful endurance of the little Brown Duck, the bravery of the Fisher, the unselfishness of Gray Eagle.

The legends exemplify, too, the picturesque qualities for which the child reader looks: love of adventure, and love of the dramatic, for many of the tales develop the element of conflict. Marked, too, is the appreciation for the main characteristic of the animals: the wisdom of the wolf; the silliness of the hare; the trickiness of the raccoon; the diligence of the beaver. A somber knowledge of good and evil, and a certain haunting wonder at the injustice of the world are to be found in such stories as those of the pine trees, of Paupukewis, and of how the animals lost their speech.

Nor is there lacking a sense of imagination, and, here and there, a keen feeling for beauty, as when Manabozho forms the land, and the beautifully colored dust, sifting over the earth from the wings of the butterfly, makes the flowers and the grass to grow; or when the animals run up over the rainbow to reach the sky; or when the serpents are called the bright old inhabitants and their ruler the shining magician; or again, when the moon is partly shaded because she is carrying against her bright body the dark body of her little son.

To build up in the mind of the young reader respect and admiration for the elder people whose land is now ours is not only bare justice, but it is an advantage to the child. It is an enrichment, and, with a skillful teacher, it may be made an inspiration.

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN





*The animals were gathered about the Great White Rabbit*

# MANABOZHO

## THE GREAT WHITE RABBIT

### HOW MANABOZHO MADE THE LAND

THE rabbit is such a small animal now that no one thinks very highly of him. Yet there was once a great white rabbit, named Manabozho, who was king of all the birds and beasts and fishes. He was the largest and bravest and most powerful of all the animals. The biggest elephant in the world would have looked as small as a beetle beside huge Manabozho.

Once there was a flood over all the world. A great canoe floated on the water. It was filled with animals of all sorts. They were gathered about the Great White Rabbit. Manabozho's fur showed like snow against their brown and black and yellow fur.

"Save us, Manabozho," cried the Ox.

The Beaver and the Moose and the tricky Raccoon cried for help; so did the Elk and the Wolf, the Fox and the Hopper, and all the rest.

"We must have some land," cried the Ox.

"Yes, yes," said the Elk.

"I want trees to build with," said the Beaver.

"And I want them to nest in," said the Raven.

"I will help you," replied Manabozho. "But you must help, too. One of you must dive in the water and fetch me a little earth for a beginning."

"That is easy," said the Ox and the Elk.

"Then you go," said Manabozho to the Ox.

"I can't go," said the Ox, "for my tail would be in the way."

"Then you go, Elk," said Manabozho.

"Not I," answered the Elk. "I have two horns, and they would hinder me."

Then Manabozho spoke to the Raven.

"You have such sharp eyes," he said. "Will you try? Perhaps you will come to a tree under the water's surface on which a little grain of sand may be sticking."

The Raven was obliging. So she took off her tail feathers, and dived. She was gone a long, long time. They were all afraid she was drowned. At last she came back, tired out.

"I could find nothing," she said faintly.

"You did your best," said Manabozho kindly, to her. "Beaver, you try. You are at home either on land or in water. If you succeed, you shall be the best builder of all the animals forever. You shall be king of the water."

The Beaver agreed. He plunged in boldly. He was gone even longer than the Raven. They thought he was surely drowned. At last they saw his body floating on the waves.

They paddled the canoe up to him. The animals made a great noise as the Rabbit drew him in. But the Beaver was not dead. After a while he sighed a little, and feebly held up one paw. Sticking to it was a tiny dot of mud.

Manabozho took this mud and patted it between his paws. It began to grow larger and larger. At first it was as large as a pigeon's egg. Then it was as large as a burdock leaf. When it was as large as the shadow a pine tree casts, the Rabbit made it a little higher in the middle. Then he tied a string to it and set it on the water. It floated. Manabozho said to the Wolf, "Jump on, my good Wolf."

The Wolf did so, but he was so big that he nearly upset the earth.

"Run about quickly. Run round the edges," called Manabozho.

The Wolf obeyed, and at once the land began to grow. The animals in the canoe had to paddle farther and farther away from the edges of it. At last they could hardly see the Wolf when he was on the side most distant from them.

Then Manabozho sent the Bear to help the Wolf. But the Bear made too many swamps.

"Come back," said the Rabbit. "We want land that is dry."

"Yes, yes," cried all the animals. "It has been wet long enough."

Then Manabozho sent the Deer out. He bounded and leapt so much in his joy that he made deep valleys and high mountains on the land.

"Come back, come back," called Manabozho. "We can't be always running up and down hill."

So the Deer came back.

Next Manabozho sent out the Butterfly. She had beautifully colored dust on her wings. As she fluttered this fell off. At once beautiful flowers and grass sprang up over the land. The animals were glad to see them.

"Now give us trees," begged the Raven and the other birds.

Manabozho steered the canoe up to the land. He jumped upon the yellow sand that edged it. The other animals followed him.

He put sticks into the ground, and all at once trees rose up. There were willows and beeches and oaks and a great many firs and pine trees. They were wonderful trees, for they could move about. But for a while they stood still to see what else Manabozho would do.



*The Deer bounded and leapt so much that he made deep valleys  
and high mountains*

"Is it all finished?" asked the animals and birds as they rolled about on the grass and flew about among the trees.

"No," said Manabozho. "We have no rivers and lakes. You may think that you have had enough water, but you will need it in the future."

Then he drew long rivers through the land with his claws. The two longest were the river St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. He then scooped out a chain of great lakes: Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, St. Clair, and Ontario. And he spread beautiful sand on their shores.

He sent the whales and fishes and crabs and crawfish and beavers and otters into the water. He told most of the quadrupeds to keep away from the water, and he told the birds to live in the air.

When all was done, he sent the Raven to find out how large his land was. It was days and days before she returned. She was very thin and tired.

"Why were you so long?" asked the Great White Rabbit.

"I am sorry," said the Raven, "but I could not help being gone a long time. I flew and flew, but I did not get to the end of the world. I have been to the north, where there is nothing but mounds of ice. I have been to the south, where the woods are rich with perfume, and where the birds make sweet music. I have been to the west, and have seen the Rocky Mountains and the salt water beyond them. And there is another great body of salt water at the east. It is a wonderful world, and I could not find the end of it."

Then Manabozho and all the animals were satisfied.

## THE FIRST SUMMER IN THE NEW WORLD

**D**URING the summer the White Rabbit was like a father to all the other animals. He was the only one who could remember what their life had been like before the great flood came. All they knew was that they had found themselves in the big canoe. The waters were about them, and the White Rabbit sat in the midst of them, the master of them all.

They could remember everything that happened from that moment. The Badger knew that his legs were mud-colored because he had jumped from the canoe into some mud at the edge of the land. The Turkey knew that his dark feathers had colored gleams here and there, because the whale had splashed a few drops of water over him. But whenever any of the animals wanted to know what had happened before the great flood, they came to Manabozho, who remembered everything, and asked questions.

One day the Ground Hog and the Badger and the Mole came to the Great White Rabbit.

"Manabozho," they said, "we keep making burrows

for ourselves in the ground, and hiding there away from the Sun. Why is this?"

"It is your nature," he replied. "I will tell you how it happened. Once we all lived underground in a great cavern, where it was dark and cold."

The Cat, who was always basking in the sun, shivered when she heard this.

"But after a time," continued Manabozho, "cracks appeared in the rocks which roofed the cavern. Through these, gleams of light came. The animals all wondered what it was. They said they would like to find out. They were tired of eating sand, and of chewing at the roots of a big vine, which stretched up into the roof of the cavern.

"They kept asking each other if there was any way of getting out of the cavern. At last the chief Rattlesnake said that he had been told that there was a world above the cavern. It was very beautiful, and full of good food.

"Many of the animals said that they would try to find it. Others said that they were afraid. The Ground Hog and the Badger and the Mole said that they were not afraid, but that they would rather stay in the dark cavern. The Rattlesnake and the Tortoise said that they were not afraid but that they would like to spend part of the year in the cavern."



*One day the Ground Hog and the Badger and the Mole came to  
the Great White Rabbit*

"What happened next?" asked the animals, as Manabozho paused.

"All the animals went to the roots of the big vine, and began to climb up, up toward the gleams of light. It was a very stout old vine, or it would never have borne all their weight. Up and up went the figures. They all looked dark and shadowy. Even the yellow fur of the Fox seemed as brown as the fur of the Bear.

"But by and by those climbing below the Fox saw a streak of gold upon his back. It was a great ray of sunlight across him. Then every one knew that there must be a hole at the top of the cavern. And so there was.

"They all went through it, and found themselves in a beautiful world full of sunlight. The air was warm and sweet. The trees were green, and the grass was green, and full of scarlet and yellow and white flowers. The animals were all delighted.

"But," finished Manabozho, speaking particularly to the Ground Hog and the Badger and the Mole, "you three had preferred the cavern; so you are allowed to go underground whenever you want to. The Tortoise and the Rattlesnake hide away for winter."

The animals were very well pleased with the story. The Cat, however, could hardly believe that she had ever been content to stay underground.

"The Sun is so delightful, Manabozho," she said, purring contentedly. "I should not like to live without it."

"And yet you did live for a long time without it," said the Rabbit. "The animals were wicked, and that was why the flood was sent. When the water came, the Sun went out."

The animals all moved uneasily. They remembered very well the dreary days in the canoe before Manabozho made the land.

"Tell us about the Sun, Manabozho," said the Cat. "Why does n't it shine at night as well as in the daytime?"

"That would be doing too much work," said Manabozho. "The Sun is a powerful spirit, and the Moon is another spirit. For a long time they were strangers to each other. Then they decided to marry and to work together to help the world. They agreed that the Sun should walk by day, and the Moon by night."

"Yes," said the Cat, "but the Moon does not always walk at night. And sometimes when she does only part of her shows."

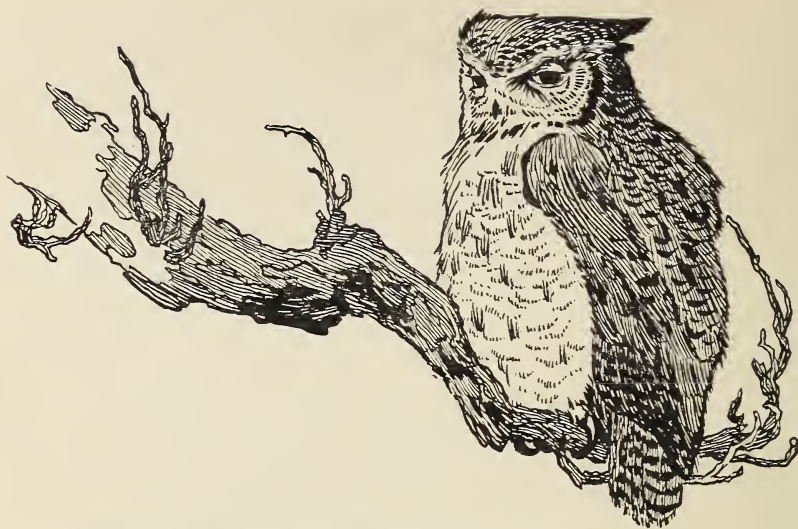
"That is easily explained," said Manabozho. "She and the Sun have a little boy. But he is not bright as they are; he is very black. The Moon often carries him in her arms, and when she does, his dark body covers up her bright body."

"What are the little spots we see on her, Manabozho?" asked the Mapgie, who was full of curiosity.

"Those are her cap," said the White Rabbit. "She likes to wear a cap to add to her dignity."

"I like the stars better," said the Owl. "When the rest of you are asleep, I am awake in the tree, and I look up at them. Sometimes I think they are the beautiful eyes of owls in heaven. And again I think that they are flowers that are leaning down their heads trying to kiss the flowers in the grass."

"That is a very pretty thought for you to have, brother Owl," said Manabozho approvingly.



*"I like the stars better. When the rest of you are asleep, I look up at them"*

"I like the comets," said the Fox. "For they have tails something like mine."

At this all the animals laughed. The Fox was very proud of his tail. It was indeed handsome, but not so beautiful as the tail of a comet.

"What else is in the sky?" asked the Magpie.

"The Thunder Bird," said Manabozho. "But let's not talk of him. We shall see him and hear him soon enough. Let us enjoy the summer days while we can."

And so the summer days passed happily. The birds built nests; the squirrels worked at getting food for winter. But the Beaver did the best work of all.

The Beaver had short, strong legs with which he swam; and a smooth, thick, flat tail, which he used as a kind of rudder. Two great teeth projected from his mouth. He used these like a saw to cut down trees.

In making his house, he built the walls of logs, putting the thickest ones at the bottom. He plastered the spaces between the logs with mud and sticks. The roof he made round. He divided the house into several stories; the bottom story had a little door. One of the stories he used as a place for food.

Manabozho praised the Beaver for his neat work, and told all the other animals to profit by his example. And thus the summer passed, all the animals living happily together.

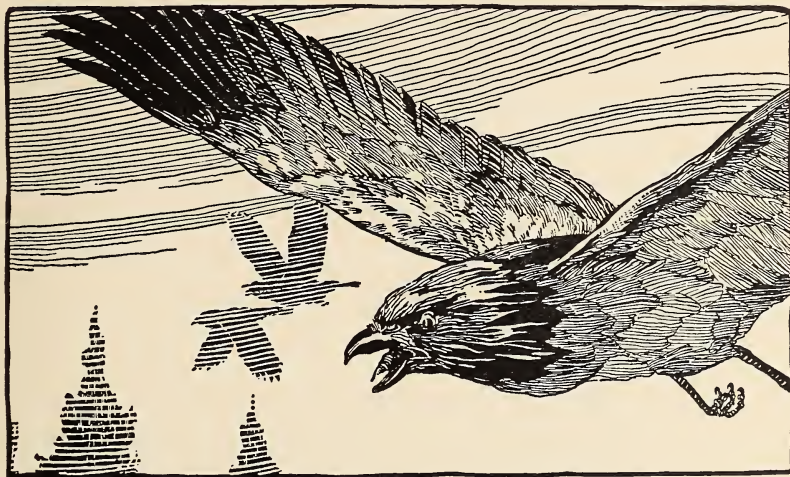


## THE STORY OF THE PINE TREES

DURING this first summer, the trees could walk just like the animals. At first this was rather disturbing. The Raven would fly home at night to the spot where she had left her tree in the morning, and she would find only a hole in the ground. Sometimes she would go to sleep after having had a chat with the crow. When she waked up she would call to the crow. Then she would find that her tree had gone for an early morning stroll, and that she was many miles away from her neighbors.

However, the birds soon got used to these traveling trees. After a while they really liked the excitement of not being sure in what part of the country they would sleep or wake. But as autumn came on, they felt the need of a steady home, particularly when the weather was bad.

For gradually the summer was dying. The maple trees were changing their green into yellow and scarlet. The oak leaves were becoming brown and shriveled. The aspens and beeches were casting their green leaves in heaps on the ground.



*The Raven would fly home at night and find only a hole in the ground*

Worst of all, the Thunder Bird appeared very often. He was a terrible creature. His big body and his head and wings were made of black clouds, and his eyes and mouth of fire. He was so large that his shadow darkened all the heavens. The Sun would be shining, and all of a sudden the big bird's wings would snuff it out. Whenever he flapped these wings, he made thunder. Whenever he winked and flashed his eyes, great streaks of lightning tore across the sky. No wonder the animals feared him. They knew that whenever he came it would rain.

As the weather grew colder, many of the animals suffered greatly. But the pine trees and the cedars

did not mind the cold. They alone seemed bright and cheerful.

"Why are they so happy when we feel so uncomfortable?" asked the animals.

"Because they have the secret of fire, my children," answered Manabozho. "If you can get it from them, you will be warm."

"Can you not force them to give it up?"

Manabozho shook his head sadly.

"There are some things I cannot do," he said. "Already there are some unkind ones in my world, and I cannot help it. You must try yourselves to get the fire from the pine trees."

"The pine trees and cedars are very beautiful," said Ahmik, the Beaver. "But they are so selfish that I forget all about their beauty. They will not give the fire even to their companions, the other trees. The poor willows and beeches are shivering from the cold, and so are the aspens."

"They are good, kind trees," said Manabozho. "The willow puts on her spring clothes early to cheer us with the hope of summer. The beech and aspen are always kind about throwing shade, and coaxing cooling breezes through their branches when we sit under them."

"The pine trees and cedars have never helped me," grumbled Ahmik. "I sometimes think they throw pine

cones and needles at me on purpose. Do call a council of the animals, Manabozho. Perhaps we can decide on a way to get the fire from them."

Manabozho called the council, but all that the animals could decide upon was that the pines and cedars should not be allowed to keep the fire to themselves. The next question was, who was to get it away from them. When this question was asked, there was a deep silence in the council.

At last Manabozho, who was presiding, said, "My children, I should like to help you, as I have said, but I am not allowed to tell you what to do."

Finally the Beaver, Ahmik, said, "I am not sure that I can do anything well except build houses. But if you are all willing, I am ready to try to get the fire."

All the animals agreed to this, for they knew that Ahmik was faithful and persevering. And those who are faithful and persevering generally succeed.

For the next few days Ahmik kept as close as he could to the pine trees and cedars. He hoped that they would talk about the fire. But though they often bent their tall heads over to one another and whispered, he could never hear what they said. At last one day he found out that they were going to hold a great council.

First of all, they went bathing in the river.

That is all very well for them," grumbled the

animals, "for they can warm themselves by a fire afterwards."

Ahmik swam in the water with them. But he could not hear them say anything about fire. When they had bathed, they all went up on the bank.

"Let us build a fire and hold our council around it," said the king of the pine trees.

"Very well," said the queen of the cedars. "But first of all, let us post sentinels all about. We do not want the animals to hear what we say in council, or to take any of our fire."

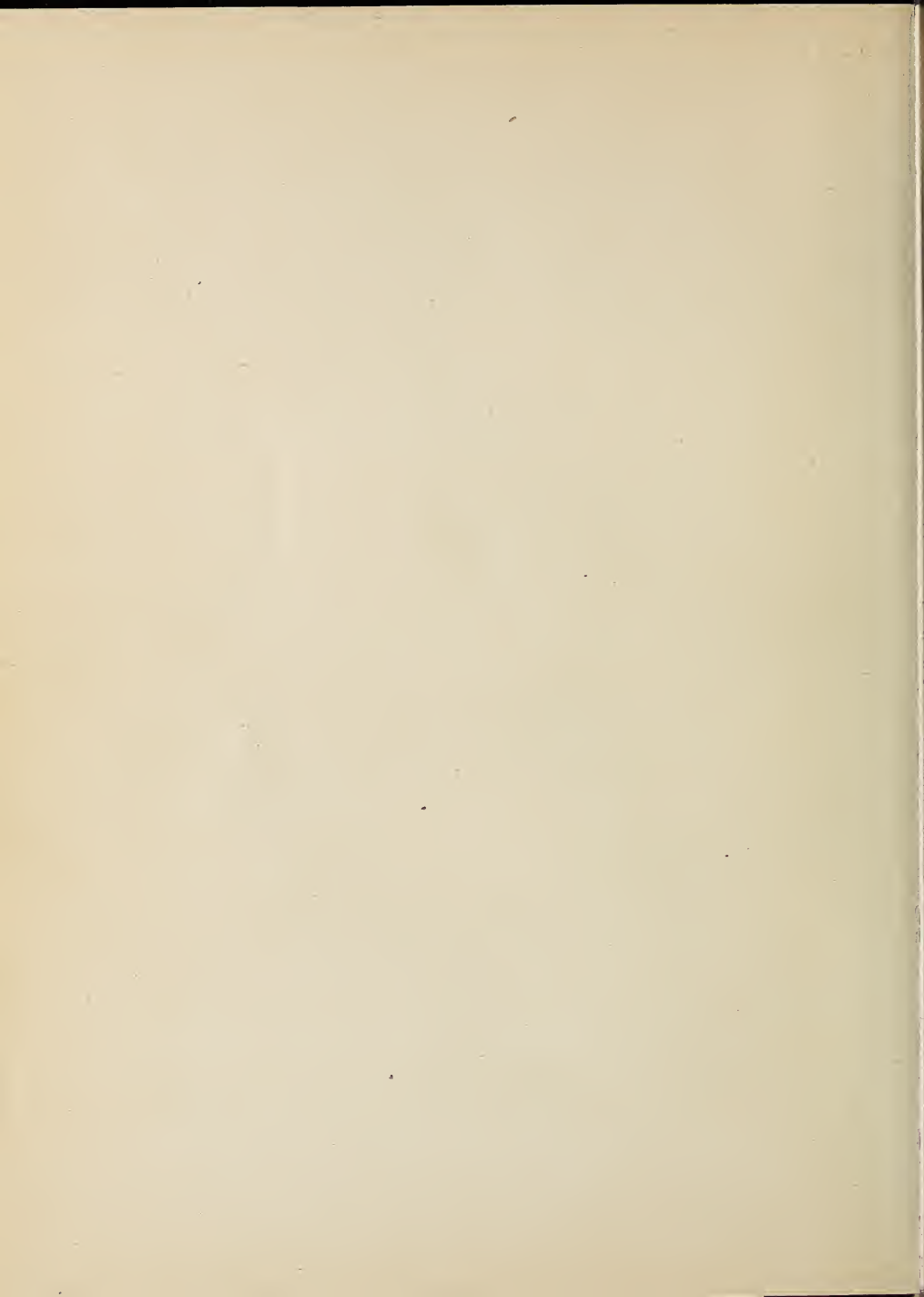
So large, thick pine trees were chosen as sentinels. They made great hops down to the foot of the bank near the water's edge. As they went they waved their branches, and wagged their heads proudly. Other sentinels stood on the top of the bank.

They did not see Ahmik. He had crawled into a little hollow overhung by a bush. He was only a few feet away from the trees who were in the council. But they spoke so low that he could not hear their words.

The queen of the cedars was sure that the sentinels could guard them safely. So she ordered a very large fire to be built. The Beaver strained his eyes to see what they made it of, but he could not. However, he soon saw a deep red glow which told him that the fire was ready.



*The Beaver saw the deep red glow of the fire*



"More fire, more fire!" cried the queen, clapping her branches.

And the king, who wished to please her, piled on more logs. The flames danced high, and the trees danced round the fire, singing. The songs of the pine trees and cedars are never happy. They are always melancholy or wild. But the pine trees and cedars enjoyed themselves as they sang.

Presently a little coal hopped off the high fire, and began to roll down the bank. The sentinels had their backs to it, because they were all looking at the trees in the council. The other pines and cedars did not see it, for they were tossing their heads in the air and singing.

So the little coal rolled quickly along. Imagine how anxiously Ahmik watched it! He knew that if he only could get it, it would tell him the secret of fire. The little coal, still glowing a bright crimson, rolled very near Ahmik, and then stopped.

The Beaver sprang out of his hollow, caught the little coal in his paw, and ran for his life. The trees stood still for a moment. Then they guessed what had happened, and ran after Ahmik.

"Come! Come with us," they cried to all the other trees they met.

Some of the trees followed them and others did not. Poor Ahmik rushed on breathlessly. The little coal

told him that if he could reach some willows and beeches he would be safe. The coal would tell the secret of fire to them. So on he hurried.

He made big leaps, and queer turns. And his tracks were so deep that they made the bed of a river, the Grande Ronde River. If you go to Canada to-day you will still find the river, and you will understand why it winds and twists so much.

On went Ahmik. Some of the trees grew tired, and grouped themselves on the banks of the river he was making. From that spot they watched him. The queen, followed by the other cedars, rushed to the top of a hill to see him better. A few of the big pines ran after her.

Before any tree caught up to Ahmik, he reached the willows and beeches, and gave them the coal. The coal, which was not so bright as it had been, whispered the secret of fire, and then fell into ashes. Ahmik sank down, too tired to talk. The other animals crowded about him, and Manabozho praised him.

"You have done bravely, dear Ahmik," he said. "Now the beech trees and the willows will always give us fire. And see! The selfish pines and the cedars are punished."

The animals looked. They saw the trees struggling to move. But not one could stir.



*Ahmik sank down, too tired to talk*

"Must they always stay as they are?" asked the animals.

"Always," said Manabozho. "After this you will usually find the pines in groups, and the cedars will often be on hilltops."

"But, Manabozho," said Ahmik, "the other trees are fixed, too. Why should the oaks be unable to move? And the dear willows and beeches, who have been so good to us?"

Manabozho's face grew sad. "My children," he said, "the worst part of selfishness is this: Other people are punished besides the one who sins."

The animals felt very solemn.

"The beeches and the willows are so good," repeated Ahmik.

"They shall have their reward," said Manabozho. "It is always a great happiness to those who are good to be able to help others. The good trees shall have this happiness. Whenever any one rubs the wood of the beech and the willow together, he shall make fire. They will always have the secret of fire."

After that, whenever the animals wanted fire, they rubbed together beech and willow wood. And to this very day, these trees will give fire to the person who is patient enough to work a long time for it.



## HOW MANABOZHO WENT FISHING

THE trees were not the only selfish ones in Manabozho's land. He had a great deal of trouble with Me-she-nah-ma-gwai, the king of the fishes. Manabozho had made him the king of the fishes because he promised to be a just ruler. But he was unkind to the little fishes. He ate them up whenever he wanted to, whether he was hungry or not. He chased them away from the beautiful spots in the sea where the seaweeds and colored shells were.

He was a magician, and therefore he thought he was as strong as Manabozho was. His best friend was the White Serpent, the prince of the sea serpents. He also disliked Manabozho. The two thought that they could rule as they pleased. They said that if Manabozho objected, they would kill him.

The Rabbit heard how the king of the fishes was treating the little fishes. He sent him word that he was to stop, but Me-she-nah-ma-gwai did not obey.

"Very well," said Manabozho; "I shall punish this ruler."

Manabozho lived with his old grandmother who was

called Maja. He was very kind to her, and kept her well supplied with food. One day she said to him, "Manabozho, I want some oil. Can you get me some? I have not had any for a long time."

"Certainly, Maja," he said. "Make me a fishing line of cedar bark while I build a canoe."

Manabozho was so skillful that he soon had his canoe ready. His grandmother handed him the line of cedar bark. Then he went to Lake Superior to fish.

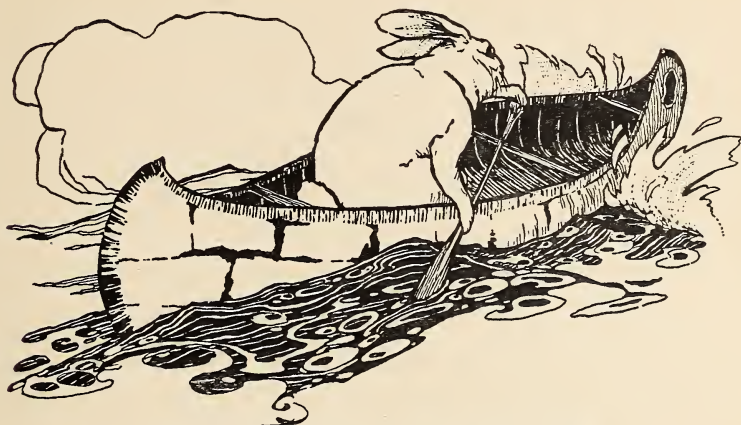
He dropped his line into the water, and said these words to the king of the fishes:

"King of the fishes, listen to me;  
I gave you the power to rule in the sea.  
You said you would always be kind and just,  
A ruler the smallest of fishes could trust.  
Yet you've done to the little ones nothing but wrong,  
Because they are weak, and because you are strong.  
You refused when I told you the evil to mend,  
And to-day your bad ruling shall come to an end.  
You shall die, for you richly deserve such a fate.  
King of the fishes, take hold of my bait."

The king of the fishes made no answer, so Manabozho said again, "Do you hear me? Me-she-nah-magwai, take hold of my bait."

Then the king of the fishes said, "Manabozho troubles me. Some one must go on the line, or he will never go away. Trout, you take hold."

The Trout did so, and Manabozho began to haul



*Then Manabozho went to Lake Superior to fish*

in the line. But when he saw the Trout with the water gleaming on his dark scales, he frowned and said, "I do not want you on the line. Let go."

So the Trout sank to the bottom of the sea, and Manabozho said again, "King of the fishes, take hold of my bait."

Then the king of the fishes said, "Manabozho is tiring me with his commands. Sunfish, I order you to take his line."

The great Sunfish did so, and the Rabbit drew him in. When he saw the golden scales of the Sunfish, Manabozho was angry.

"Go," he said. "I will have no one but the king of the fishes."

When he heard this, the king grew angry. He used

his magical powers to make himself larger. He swelled and swelled till he became enormous. Then he sprang to the surface of the water. Manabozho just had a glimpse of the great body with fins as large as a hillside, and mouth as big as a cavern. Then the fish swallowed both him and the canoe.

It was very dark inside the fish, but Manabozho was not afraid. He felt about in the canoe till he found his club. With this he struck at the heart of the fish. Me-she-nah-ma-gwai began at once to race through the water.

Manabozho did not like the motion, so he struck at the heart of the fish again. Soon he knew that he had killed him, because the fish gave a great shudder and lay still.

Then Manabozho began to crawl up to where he supposed the mouth of the fish was. But before he could reach it, he heard a tap-tapping on the body. It grew louder and louder. Soon a hole was made, through which rays of light came. Then he saw beaks making the hole larger. At last a gull put in his head.

"Ah, my dear gulls," said Manabozho. "It is you who are helping me to get free."

The gulls pecked harder than ever, and soon made the hole very large. Then the Rabbit sprang out. He turned to the gulls and said, "For the future you shall

be called 'Kayosh' because you have been kind to me." Kayosh means "noble rescuers."

Manabozho towed the big fish ashore, and then ran home to his grandmother.

"Dear Maja," he said, "if you will go down to the shore, you will find something to make oil of."

Maja went down, and was amazed to see the monstrous fish. She cut off as much of his flesh as she could carry, and put it in a kettle and boiled it. And soon she had plenty of rich yellow oil.



## MANABOZHOS ADVENTURE WITH THE SEA SERPENT

THE sea serpents were angry with Manabozho because he had killed the king of the fishes. So they determined to have revenge on him. They knew that he was very fond of his brother. And one day they coaxed the brother into the water.

The Rabbit came home at night and asked for his brother. His grandmother, Maja, said that she did not know where he was. Manabozho became anxious and went out to look for him.

Presently he saw Hega, the Buzzard, flying toward him.

"Manabozho," said Hega, "I have news for you."

Hega was the doctor for all the animals.

"I have just been visiting a sick serpent," she said. "And he told me bad news. The prince of the serpents has taken your brother prisoner. Perhaps he is dead by this time."

Manabozho felt very sad to hear this. He went home to Maja, and when he told her the news she wept all night.



*Manabozho saw Hega, the Buzzard, flying toward him*

"You told him to keep away from the water," she said. "If he had obeyed you he would be with us now."

The next morning Manabozho went down to Lake Superior. He peered into the water, but he could see nothing, as it was muddy. Then he noticed some ducks swimming about at some distance from shore. He changed himself into a brown leaf, and floated near them. He listened to what they said.

"Oh," said one, "the War Eagle has told me some bad news. The brother of our good Manabozho is dead. The prince of the sea serpents killed him. They have made a door curtain out of his skin."

Manabozho floated quietly away. Then he changed

himself back into his own form. He wept very much for his brother. After a while he met the Kingfisher.

"Dear bird," he said, "I cannot see very well, for my eyes are dim with weeping. Will you look into the water and tell me what you see?"

The Kingfisher peered for a long time, and then he said, "Oh, my poor Manabozho, the sea horses are playing with your brother's bones."

"I will collect the bones soon," said Manabozho. "You are a kind bird, though you tell me bad news."

Then he painted the Kingfisher's feathers for him. That is why the Kingfisher has such beautiful colors.

Manabozho sat upon the sand and thought. He had only limited power. He could not kill the sea serpents in their own home, the water. He would have to catch them upon the land. After a while he changed himself into a brown stump.

In an hour or two, the lake, which had been rough, became perfectly calm. Then dark bodies rose to the surface of the water. They were black sea serpents. Hundreds of them crawled upon the beach. The last who came was the prince. He was entirely white.

"Look," said the sea serpents. "See the brown stump. Let us dance around it."

They began to crawl toward it.



*The last of the sea serpents who came was the prince. He was entirely white*

"Stop," said the prince; "I never saw that stump before. Perhaps it has always been here, but I do not think so. It may be Manabozho. You know how great his power is on the land. If we dance around the stump and fall asleep, then if the stump is Manabozho he can easily revenge himself on us for killing his brother."

The prince thought for a moment, and then chose a very large sea serpent.

"Go," he said, "and twist yourself as tightly as you can about the stump. Even Manabozho must cry out if your coils hurt him. If that stump cries out, we shall know that it is the White Rabbit."

The big creature did as he was commanded. The pressure of his folds was very great. Manabozho was badly crushed. He was just about to cry out, when the sea serpent loosed his hold. Eight other serpents were sent by the prince; but always, just as Manabozho felt that he could bear the pain no longer, they dropped to the ground.

"No, it is not Manabozho," they said.

Then they all coiled in a circle about their prince and talked. They rejoiced because they had killed Manabozho's brother. Then they began to dance. They twisted their long bodies into loops, and arches, and knots, and queer figures of all kinds. When they were tired, they lay down to sleep.

After they were all asleep, Manabozho changed himself into his own shape. He went up to the white prince, and gripped his body in his paws. Then the prince waked up. But his struggles did not help him. Manabozho quickly killed him.

The other sea serpents woke up, but they were too frightened to act or speak.

"You need not be afraid," Manabozho said to them. "You have well deserved punishment, but I shall show you mercy."

They were so angry with him for killing their prince that they wanted to crush him to death, but they knew that they could not hurt him while he was on the land. Manabozho guessed their feelings, and he said:

"It is not worth while to be angry. Whoever does wrong is punished in some way or other. You have deserved to lose your prince, because you helped him to break my laws and to kill my brother. Do not hurt any more of my people. If you do, I shall not show mercy a second time."

Then Manabozho went away. He got his brother's bones, and he and Maja buried them sadly.

## MANABOZHO'S ADVENTURE WITH THE SHINING MAGICIAN

THE land serpents were almost as angry as the sea serpents when they heard that Manabozho had killed the white prince. The other animals called these land serpents "the Bright Old Inhabitants" because they were very beautiful and because they had been in the country for a long time.

They were chiefly rattlesnakes of great size. They lived in rocky valleys crowned with cedar trees. Whenever they crawled about, the valleys flashed and gleamed with color. Some of the Bright Old Inhabitants were of the color of the Blue Heron. Others were crimson and yellow like maple leaves in autumn. Still others were like shining opals.

They had all come from the shores of the Lake of the Woods. One day the Great Father who first made the world was sitting by this lake. He twisted some of the shining sand into ropes. Then he recollected that there were many animals who could walk, trot, run, and hop, but not one that could crawl.

So he searched in the sand until he found some



*The land serpents lived in rocky valleys crowned with cedar trees*

beautifully colored pebbles. He put two of these into one end of each of his sand ropes. Then he turned them into serpents and told them to crawl forever.

The serpents were good at first, and then, like most of the other animals, they became very bad. After that, the flood was sent to punish them, and Manabozho was made the ruler. But although most of the animals tried to be good after the flood, the beautiful land serpents did not.

They were cruel to the weaker animals, as the king of the fishes had been. They were also deceitful and vain. Whenever they could, they broke the good laws that Manabozho had made for the world.

Their ruler was a magician, just as the king of the fishes had been. He was called the Shining Magician. The serpents thought that he was just as great as Manabozho. They expected that he would some day kill Manabozho and rule over all the earth.

Manabozho heard of this. He decided not to wait till they attacked him, but to kill their ruler at once. He knew that this would frighten the other serpents and make them keep the laws he had made.

He knew that they kept a number of fiery serpents as sentinels outside their colony. So he made a kind of medicine called a charm, which had the power to put all animals to sleep.

It had in it the skin of a wild cat; a vine which had never borne fruit; the dry cone of a pine tree steeped in dew; the leaves of a mountain laurel; the claws of a tiger; the teeth of an alligator, and the ribs of a snail. All these he ground up to powder. Then he added water, which was dipped out of the lake with the shell of a butternut.

Manabozho took this charm and approached the fiery serpents. They were gliding up and down a narrow passage which led into the chain of valleys where the colony lived. Manabozho threw a few drops of the charm over them. This made them unable to move, and in a moment he ran past them.

Then he came to a wide lake in the middle of the first valley. It was called Pigiuwagumee, which means "pitch-water." It was ugly to look at, and it felt soft and gummy when Manabozho put his paw in it. He knew that he could not walk on it.

He took his canoe, which he had carried with him, and rubbed it all over with some of the oil which Maja had made from the body of the king of the fishes. The oiled canoe slipped easily over the surface of the pitch-water, and soon Manabozho was at the other side.

Here he could see the home of the Shining Magician, which was at the top of a hill.

"Come here, Shining Magician," called Manabozho. "I am Manabozho, the Great White Rabbit. I am going to fight with you and kill you because you and your people have broken my laws."

At this the Shining Magician laughed. He was quite sure that he could kill Manabozho.

"Make ready your bow and arrows," shouted the Shining Magician. "I shall soon take them away from you and kill you."

The two came close to each other. The Great White Rabbit shot well. But though arrow after arrow struck the Shining Magician, not one pierced his thick skin. He shot back at Manabozho rapidly. But Manabozho jumped about so nimbly that he was not touched.

So the fight went on. Neither was hurt, and neither gained any advantage. But by and by Manabozho began to feel very tired.

Just then Ma-Ma, the large Woodpecker, flew by. She lighted on a tree, and said to the Rabbit: "Manabozho, there is only one place where you can hurt the Shining Magician. That is on the crown of his head."

Manabozho was glad to hear this, for he had only three arrows left. He shot one, and drew a little blood from the crown of his enemy's head. The second arrow went deeper, and the Shining Magician rolled over in fury. Then Manabozho shot an arrow just in the middle of his crown. And the great Shining Magician died.

Then Manabozho called the Woodpecker to him. He took a little blood from the wound of the Shining Magician, and rubbed it on the tuft feathers of Ma-Ma.

"You were a brave bird to help me," he said, "for the Shining Magician might have killed you as you were doing it. After this you shall always have a beautiful red head. The Indians will use your tuft feathers to ornament the stems of their pipes. And these tuft feathers shall always stand for bravery."

The Woodpecker was well pleased and flew away happily. Then Manabozho went home, sure that it would be a long time before the land serpents would again break his laws.

## THE FIRST TRAVELS OF PAUPUKEWIS

WHILE Manabozho was punishing the wicked animals, something else wicked was at work in his world. This was the tricky spirit Paupukewis.

Like Manabozho, he could change into any form he pleased. He did much damage. But Manabozho was so busy that he did not have time to punish Paupukewis until many weeks had passed. So the spirit became bolder and bolder.

One day Paupukewis decided to go traveling. As he was choosing his way, he saw old Gray Wolf and his six sons trotting along the shores of Lake Michigan. Paupukewis hailed them.

"I want to go with you," he said.

Gray Wolf was not very well pleased to meet him. He knew the trickiness of Paupukewis. He was not afraid of him, because he was a magician; but he disliked unpleasant company. He waited, however, until Paupukewis came up.

"Where are you going, Gray Wolf?" asked Paupukewis.

"We are going to the place where we can get the most game," answered Gray Wolf.

"Ah, hunting is just what I want to do," said Paupukewis. "Will you change me into a wolf?"

This the Gray Wolf did.

"Oh," Paupukewis said, "I am only the same size as you are. Make me a little larger."

The Gray Wolf smiled, and granted the request.

"Larger still, larger still," said Paupukewis.

So the Gray Wolf made him a tremendous size.

"That will do," said Paupukewis.

Then he looked at his tail.

"Oh, do make my tail a little longer and more bushy," he begged.

The Gray Wolf did so, and Paupukewis was satisfied. Then all eight of them began running along a ravine. After a while they fell in with the tracks of a moose. The sons of the Gray Wolf at once began to hurry. Their father and Paupukewis followed more slowly.

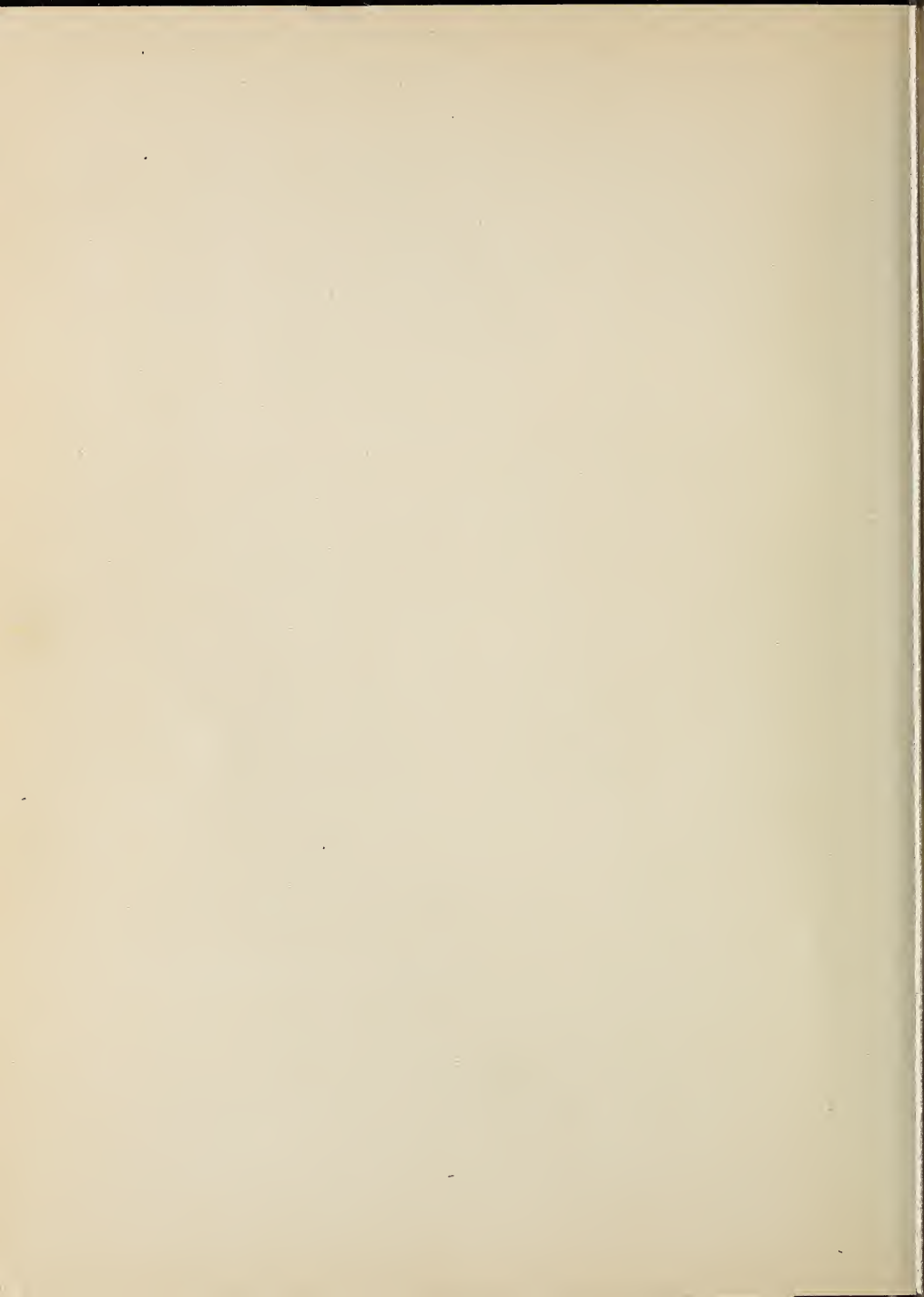
"Paupukewis," said the Gray Wolf, "which of my sons do you think is the fastest? Can you tell by the leaps they take?"

Paupukewis laughed scornfully.

"What a silly question," he replied. "The one that takes the longest jumps is the fastest, of course."



*Pauŋukewis and the wolves fell in with the tracks of a moose*



"You are mistaken," said Gray Wolf. "The son you speak of makes a good start, but he will be the first to tire out. He is not saving his strength. Some of those behind him will reach the game first. Do not make hasty judgments, Paupukewis."

Paupukewis muttered. He did not want any good advice. The Gray Wolf took no notice of his rudeness, and they trotted on silently.

After a time they reached the sons, who had game placed ready for them.

"We have eaten ours, father," they said, "so we shall go on and find more game to take home."

"Go, then," said Gray Wolf; and the six trotted off.

The Gray Wolf set a piece of game before Paupukewis. Just as he was about to eat it, the Gray Wolf changed it into a dog-skin.

"Oh," said Paupukewis, "how am I to eat a dirty dog-skin?"

"It is not a dog-skin. It is a string of pearls," said Gray Wolf.

Paupukewis looked down, and sure enough, at his feet was a string of pearls.

The Wolf changed the game into one form after another. Paupukewis began to think he would never get anything to eat. He said this, and then the Gray Wolf remarked: "Since you think you are very clever,



*Paupukewis looked down, and sure enough, at his feet was a string of pearls*

and since you scorn my good advice, why do you not prove your worth? Why do you not find some food for yourself?"

Paupukewis's pride was stirred.

"I can hunt as well as your six children," he shouted.

Then he jumped up and ran after the young wolves. The Gray Wolf smiled wisely. He knew that those who boast a great deal often really do very little.

Paupukewis could not find any game. He caught up to the brothers and saw them picking moose bones. The young wolves were kind, and set food before him. But at that moment up came the Gray Wolf. He enchanted the food. It looked like nothing but a white thigh bone.

Paupukewis was amazed. His pride all left him. The Gray Wolf watched him for a time in silence. Then he said: "Come here, Paupukewis."

Paupukewis obeyed, and then the Gray Wolf disenchanted the food.

"At last it is real game," cried Paupukewis, and he hastily began to eat it.

Then the Gray Wolf said: "Paupukewis, try to remember that it is not a long tail which makes a good hunter."

Paupukewis felt a little bit ashamed. But he was such a flippanant character that a reproof did not have much effect on him. He soon gobbled up his food and did not even thank the old Wolf.



## THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PAUPUKEWIS AND THE WOLVES

PAUPUKEWIS stayed with the wolves a long time. They did all the hunting, so he found it very easy to live. As winter came on, the young wolves hunted alone.

"Stay at home, dear father," they said to the Gray Wolf. "You must let us work for you while the weather is cold."

Paupukewis sat idle, but the Gray Wolf spent his time cracking the large bones of moose into smaller pieces. He intended to pave the floor of his house with them. He noticed that sometimes the pieces fell near Paupukewis; so he said: "Paupukewis, I am going to make very fine splinters of this bone. So cover up your head in case a piece should fall into your eye."

Paupukewis did so. But he was so tricky himself that he thought the old Gray Wolf was going to hurt him in some way. So he kept one eye uncovered, and watched. The Gray Wolf cracked away busily, not looking at his guest. At last a splinter flew into the eye of Paupukewis.



*Paupukewis sat idle, but Gray Wolf spent his time cracking moose bones*

"Oh, you wretch," he cried; "why did you hurt my eye?"

"You must have been looking, Paupukewis, or you would not have been hurt," said Gray Wolf.

"I was not looking," said Paupukewis.

The old Gray Wolf shook his head slowly and gravely. It seemed to him a very wicked thing to tell such a falsehood.

Paupukewis was very angry. When the Gray Wolf lay down by the fire to sleep, he took the big bone of a moose, and crept up softly to him. Then he hit his host a blow on the head.

The poor Gray Wolf sprang to his feet, and then sank weakly on the floor.

"Why, why did you strike me?" he asked.

"Strike you?" said Paupukewis. "You are mistaken. You must have been looking."

Then Paupukewis ran off laughing.

By this time the six sons came home. They were very angry at what had happened. They wanted to turn Paupukewis out of doors. But the old Wolf would not allow that.

"No," he said; "he is our guest."

"But he must be punished in some way," said the sons.

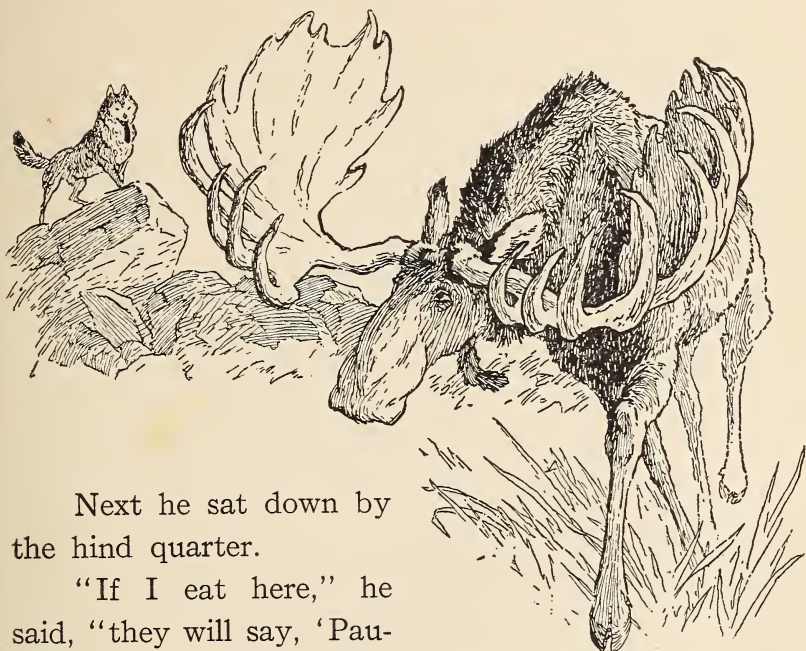
They decided that Paupukewis should be made to do his own hunting. So when he came in, expecting to have his dinner as usual, he was told that he must find his own game. Out he went, and the six sons followed him to see what he would do.

Paupukewis had good luck. He soon found a fat moose. He was very hungry and sat down to eat. But he did not know where to begin. So he began to talk to himself in a silly way.

"Shall I begin at the head?" he said. "No, for if I do the animals will laugh and say, 'He ate the moose backward.' "

Then he sat down by the side of the moose.

"No," he said; "if I begin to bite him here, they will say, 'He ate the moose sideways.' "



Next he sat down by the hind quarter.

"If I eat here," he said, "they will say, 'Paupukewis ate the moose forward.' But I do not care. I must begin somewhere."

*Paupukewis soon found a fat moose*

He took a bite, but at that moment the tree under which he sat began to creak. Two of its branches were rubbing against each other.

"Stop, stop," said Paupukewis. "I cannot eat while you make such a noise."

The tree stopped for a moment, and then the two branches began rubbing again.

"You must stop," said Paupukewis angrily.

He left his food, and climbed into the tree. Then

he took hold of the two branches, meaning to tear them off. But the two branches curled themselves about him so that he could not move.

At that moment the six young wolves came up. To punish Paupukewis they ate his moose. Paupukewis watched them, unable to stir. At night there was a heavy storm of wind and the two branches were torn apart. Then Paupukewis climbed down. He decided that he was tired of the wolves. So he started off alone.



## HOW PAUPUKEWIS GOT HIS WINTER FOOD

AFTER he left the wolves, Paupukewis decided that he must lay in a stock of food for the winter. It was almost December, and he had nothing to eat.

First of all, he went fishing. He caught a fish of such great size that the fat and oil he obtained from it made a small lake. Then, pretending great friendliness, Paupukewis invited all the animals to a banquet on the oil lake. The animals came in the order of their fatness. The Bear at once plunged into the lake, wallowing in the oil and fat. Then came the Opossum and the Deer. The Moose and Bison advanced more slowly. The Hare and the Marten came last.

By the time the fowls and birds arrived, the fat and oil were all gone.

"Never mind," said Paupukewis. "We can have a dance. I will play for you on my drum."

The large animals were not interested in the dance. Besides, they were sleepy from the fat they had eaten and the oil they had drunk. So they went home. But the fowls were pleased. They liked to dance, and they

liked drum music. The birds, however, decided not to stay.

The fowls made a circle about Paupukewis and began to dance.

"Shut your eyes, and you will like it better," said Paupukewis. "Shut your eyes, and I will sing to you."

The fowls shut their eyes, and he sang:

"Keep your eyes shut, brothers, tight, tight, tight;  
Shut them as if it were night, night, night;  
Let each bend his neck; drop his head, head, head;  
The first one that peeps, his eyes shall be red."

The dancers thought it was great fun, and whirled away gayly. Paupukewis sang loudly, and beat his drum. Then he opened a big bag that hung over his shoulder. As the dancers circled round him, he seized a fat goose by its bended neck. The goose said, "Honk, honk"; but Paupukewis played and sang louder than ever to drown the cries.

He killed fowl after fowl in this way till his bag was nearly full. If ever a fowl grew tired dancing he would say, "How beautifully you are doing! Go on; go on!"

They were flattered and kept on dancing. They were so dizzy that they failed to notice how small the circle was getting. But at last the Turkey opened his eyes to see if the dance was ever going to end. His eyes at once became red and have been red ever since.



*The fowls were flattered, and kept on dancing*

The poor Turkey was so amazed at the trickery of Paupukewis that he could not say a word. He just continued stupidly dancing, and watching Paupukewis kill his companions.

The little Diver Duck at last became suspicious. She felt the great gap on each side of her, where two geese had been. She thought it was strange that she should have so much more room to dance in than she had had in the beginning. So she opened one eye.

As soon as she saw what Paupukewis was doing, she cried: "Open your eyes, quick, quick! Paupukewis is killing us.

Then she ran for the lake. Paupukewis, whose bag was not quite full, was very angry. He ran after the Duck and kicked her just as she was getting into the

water. That is why the back of the Diver Duck is flat, and her legs are straightened out backward, so that she can hardly walk, and her tail feathers are few.

The poor Diver felt very bad, but all the other ducks comforted her, and said that Manabozho would surely recompense her in some way. And they told her that it was a good deed to have saved a few fowls from Paupukewis.

Meanwhile Paupukewis was laughing over his trick.

"Now I have plenty of food for the winter," he said. "I can kill anybody. I believe I could have killed Manabozho if he had come to my banquet and danced."



## THE ADVENTURE OF PAUPUKEWIS WITH THE BEAVERS AND BRANTS

AFTER a time Paupukewis thought he would like to go traveling again. But this time he wanted to wear fine ornaments. He saw a beautiful Otter on the shores of an island.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "I shall kill her and make a pouch of her fine skin."

He shot an arrow at the Otter, and she at once fell dead. Paupukewis skinned her. Then he put the carcass at one side. He hid behind a rock and waited. He thought that the great Eagle might come after the carcass. If he did, Paupukewis would kill him and take his feathers for decoration.

He waited a long time. Then he heard a rushing noise in the air. The Eagle swooped down and fell on the Otter's carcass. He rose again carrying the body in his claws. As he did so, Paupukewis shot. The arrow passed under the wings of the bird, and the great creature at once fell. Paupukewis uttered a cry of joy. He skinned the Eagle and put the feathers on his head.

"How beautiful I look," he said; "and how angry

Manabozho will be when he finds out that I have killed his friends the Otter and the Eagle."

He went down to the nearest water to see his reflection. It was Lake Nipissing, where Ahmik the Beaver lived. Presently he saw one of the beaver family peeping out of the water at him.

"My friend," said Paupukewis, "I should like to become a beaver. Can you make me one? You see how beautiful I am."

"Ahmik is away, but I will ask the others what to do," said the Beaver. Soon he came back with some other beavers.

"Are not my decorations beautiful?" said Paupukewis, showing his pouch and the Eagle's feathers.

Then he glared fiercely at the beavers.

"Perhaps you think I am not great enough to be your chief," he said angrily.

"Yes, yes, you are great enough to be our chief," they said, for they felt afraid of him. "Just lie down, and we will make you a beaver."

Paupukewis did so, and they changed him to one of themselves.

"I want to be larger," he said angrily. "I want to be larger than any of you."

"But if we make you any larger," they said, "you cannot get into your house. We have a beautiful house



*As the eagle arose Paupukewis shot*

which you may have. As soon as you crawl into it, we will make you ten times as large as you are."

This satisfied Paupukewis. He felt very proud when they made him ten times larger than the largest of them. He lay for many days in the house, sending them on errands for him.

One day they all came swimming to his door, saying, "Save yourself, save yourself, the Indian hunters are coming!"

They all hurried away. Paupukewis found that he could not get out of the little door of his house. He called to them to come back and make him smaller, but no one returned.

Soon the hunters broke into his house. "Oh, see the wonderful beaver," they cried. "We must kill him at once."

Then they beat in his head with poles. But though the beaver body died, Paupukewis, being a spirit, escaped. Nothing but a frightful storm could kill him.

Paupukewis had felt a little tired of being under water. As he was leaving the lake, he saw a flock of brants on the shore. He joined them, saying, "You have an easy life. It must be pleasant to fly about in the air. Make me a brant."

The brants at once did so.



*Soon the Indian hunters broke into the house of Paupukewis*

They made him so large that they were astonished themselves.

"You must be our leader," they said.

"Oh, that is too much trouble," replied lazy Paupukewis. "I shall fly behind you."

"Very well," they said. "We have one piece of advice to give you. In flying, you must never look down. If you do, something evil will happen to you."

"I don't want to look down," said Paupukewis.

Soon they all rose in the air, flying very fast to the south. Paupukewis enjoyed the swift motion. By and by he became so bold that he would swoop up and down, and dart forward and backward, instead of taking a

straight course. But for a long time he did not look downward.

One day as they were passing an Indian village, they heard a great shout. The Indian hunters were looking at them, and were amazed at the size of Paupukewis. He felt so vain that he could not help wanting to watch them as they admired him. So he looked down.

As soon as he brought in his neck and stretched it down to look, his tail was caught by the wind and he was blown over and over. He tried to right himself, but could not.

Down and down he went until he fell into a hollow tree. He could not move, and for days he suffered the pain of starvation there. Then his brant body died, and his spirit was free. So off he started again to do as much harm as he could.



## THE LAST ADVENTURE OF PAUPUKEWIS

PAUPUKEWIS believed that he was safe from the anger of Manabozho. He reasoned that if Manabozho had been able to kill him, he would already have done so. One day he decided that he would play a trick upon the Great White Rabbit.

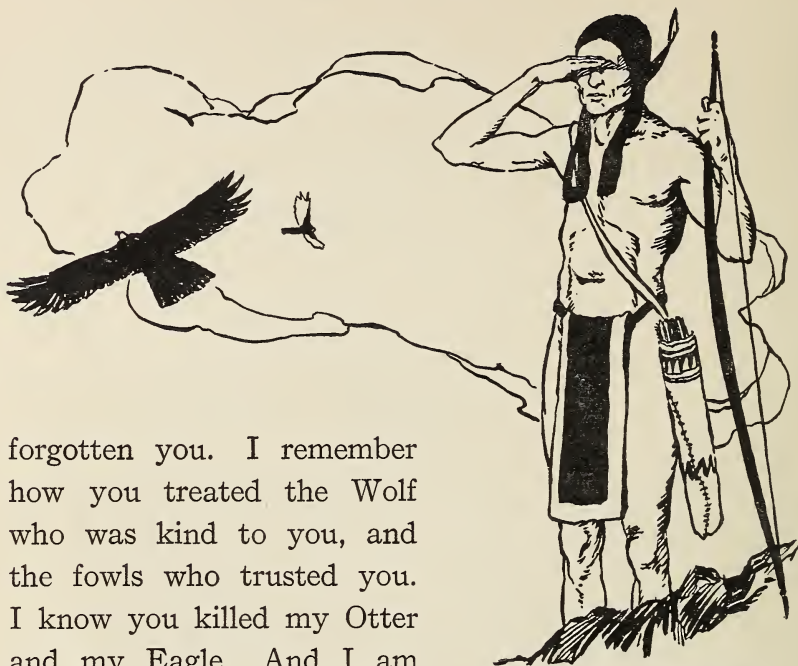
He was walking on the plain where stood the home of Manabozho and Maja. Over this plain a great many of Manabozho's favorite birds were flying. A hill was near the plain, and Paupukewis climbed to the top of this, and began shooting down at the birds.

One by one the birds fell to the ground, dead. One of those who had not yet been shot flew to Manabozho.

"Manabozho, my father," he cried, "the wicked Paupukewis is killing us."

Manabozho was very tired. He had just returned from his adventure with the Shining Magician. But when he heard these words he forgot his weariness. He ran out of his house, and looked up at Paupukewis, who was shooting and laughing as the birds died.

"Ah, Paupukewis," said Manabozho, "I had not



*Paupukewis climbed to the top  
of the hill*

forgotten you. I remember how you treated the Wolf who was kind to you, and the fowls who trusted you. I know you killed my Otter and my Eagle. And I am going to punish you. The earth is not too large for me to find you on it. You shall never escape me."

Off ran Paupukewis, and Manabozho ran after him. Paupukewis was sure that he could get away. So he ran laughing over the hills and prairies. But he saw that Manabozho was gaining on him.

He stopped by a pine tree, tore it in pieces, and then ran on. When Manabozho reached the tree, it spoke to him:

"Great Manabozho," it said, "Paupukewis has killed me. Will you give me my life again?"

Manabozho, ever merciful, took time to gather the scattered leaves and branches and make them into a tree again. Paupukewis, seeing that he could gain time by his trick, damaged several other trees. Manabozho always restored what the spirit destroyed.

Still Manabozho gained on Paupukewis. So Paupukewis jumped on the back of an Elk who was galloping westward. In this way, he made great progress. But even then Manabozho went faster than the Elk. Then Paupukewis broke in pieces a big sandstone rock. The foundation of the rock cried to Manabozho: "Oh, Manabozho, I was so beautiful and happy, and Paupukewis has spoiled me. Will you not make me beautiful again?"

Manabozho did so. Meanwhile, Paupukewis ran on. Manabozho came so near that he stretched out his hand to catch the spirit. But Paupukewis jumped to one side, and at the same time raised a great cloud of dust and leaves. In the confusion, Paupukewis escaped.

He rushed into a hollow tree, and changed himself into a serpent. Then he crept out by the roots of the tree, just as Manabozho began to search among the branches.

Soon Manabozho saw Paupukewis gliding up to a dark rock. The spirit of the rock opened it, and let in Paupukewis.

Manabozho thundered at the rock. "Spirit of the rock, answer me!" he said.

"I am here, Manabozho," answered the spirit of the rock.

"I order you to send out to me Paupukewis, who has killed many of my people and must die."

"Manabozho," said the spirit of the rock, trembling, "I did not know Paupukewis had wronged any one when I received him. But now that I have taken him as my guest, I must protect him; as you know, I cannot turn him out."

Manabozho was silent. Paupukewis saw him walking away, and laughed. But the spirit of the rock said: "Foolish Paupukewis, do you not know that he is greater than both of us? He is merely delaying his punishment."

The day passed. At night, a storm came on. The great Thunder Bird rushed into the sky, flapped his wings, and winked yellow lightning from his eyes. The noise grew louder and louder. At last even Paupukewis was afraid. He knew that, though he was a spirit, storms were dangerous to him.

All at once there came a frightful crash. The rock



*There came a frightful crash and the rock split in pieces*

split in pieces, and, under the ruins, Paupukewis the tricky spirit was crushed to death. The spirit of the rock escaped.

"I do not like to kill any one," said Manabozho to him. "But Paupukewis deserved death. I have protected you, because you did wrong unknowingly. But any one who does wrong either knowingly or unknowingly must suffer. That is the law. And so I have destroyed your beautiful rock dwelling."

Then Manabozho went home. And he called all his birds around him and told them that they need never fear Paupukewis again.

## THE STORY OF THE RACCOON AND THE CRAWFISH

**I**CTINKE, the Raccoon, was a tricky animal. He liked many kinds of food and all he could get of each kind. But he was particularly fond of crawfish.

He used to wander by the side of the water looking for crawfish. At first they had no fear of him. They would even play by the shore within a few inches of him. But after a while they saw that Ictinke always had a pile of crawfish shells about him. After that, they kept away from him.

He used to call to them and ask them why they would have nothing to do with him. Once a young female crawfish answered him, "You are wicked. You eat us."

"What is that, my dear?" he said to her. "I cannot hear what you say."

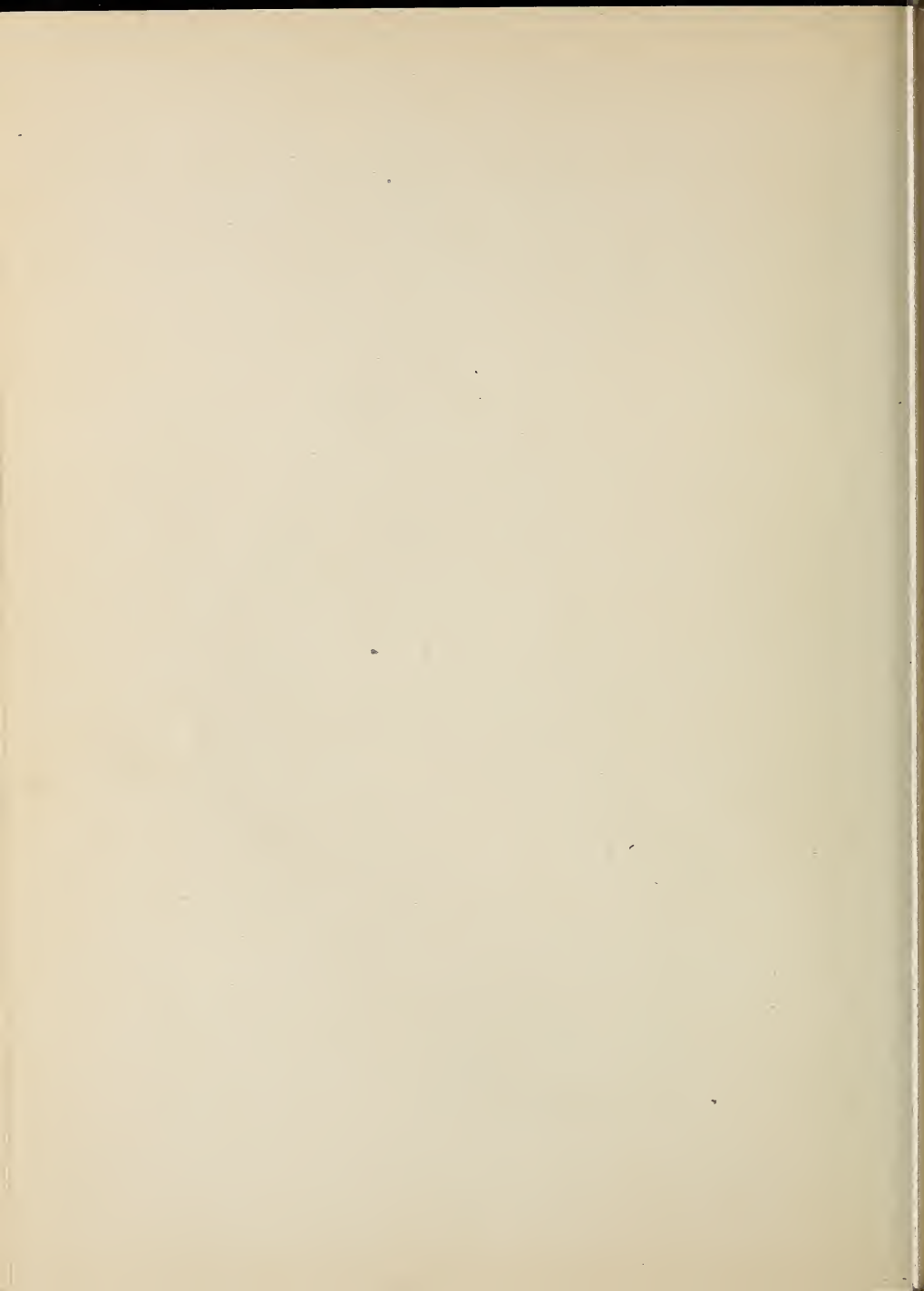
She went a little closer, and began to weep, saying, "You have eaten a great many of my friends."

The Raccoon stuck out his claws toward her.

"Just come a little closer, my child," he said; "I want to hear every word you say."



*The Raccoon stuck out his claws toward the Crawfish*



The little crawfish went nearer, but her parents pulled her back.

"Foolish child," they cried; "if you go any nearer he will snatch you with those wicked claws."

Ictinke began to think that he would never get any more crawfish to eat. He thought and thought for a long time, and at last he found a plan which he believed would bring him a dinner.

He knew that the crawfish liked to feed on worms. So he found a large quantity of old wood which was full of worms. He stuffed it in his mouth and ears, and powdered it all over his body. Then he crept down to the water's edge, and lay there pretending that he was dead.

An old crawfish came up out of the water. He saw the Raccoon lying there, with the water flowing over his claws. Then he came a little closer. He felt sure that Ictinke was dead. So he ventured to crawl over his body. The Raccoon did not stir. Then the crawfish began to eat the worms, crying, "Come, come, brothers and sisters and friends. Ictinke is dead. Let us eat him up."

Hundreds of crawfish came out of the water and crowded about their old enemy. Suddenly up sprang the Raccoon. The crawfish were too frightened to move, and in a few minutes he had killed them all.

Then he slowly ate them. He had just eaten the last one, when he heard a sobbing close by. He looked up, and there was the young crawfish whom he had once tried to catch. She stood before him, carrying her little sister on her back.

"You wicked monster," she said, weeping. "You have killed all my family except this little baby and me. My little sister and I are alone in the world. As you have eaten our parents and friends, eat us up, too."

She boldly came up to the Raccoon's mouth.

"Kill us quickly," she said.

Ictinke felt a little ashamed of himself. And he admired her for being so brave. But he did not want her to know it, so he said: "Go away, child; you are too little and thin for me to eat. I have just been feeding on all the large and fat crawfish. I would not stoop to eat you."

Just at this moment, Manabozho came up. His white fur bristled, and his eyes flashed with anger. The Raccoon trembled and tried to hide the crawfish shells. But Manabozho knew well what he had been doing.

"You are a thief," he said to the Raccoon. "I gave you food of your own, and told you not to touch the animals in the water. But you stole them. And you have been unmerciful to them. You shall never eat crawfish again. Go! From this day forward, live in the

trees. You shall find it hard to get any food, and dogs shall chase you. Go!"

Ictinke slunk away. Then Manabozho took up the little crawfish and her sister, and said to them gently, "Do not weep, my children. All your family are not gone. A few of your brothers and sisters are asleep by the side of a rock. You shall find them soon. After this, hide under the stones whenever you see or hear an enemy coming. And hereafter, you shall be the play-things for little girls and boys."

He set them down in the water, and they swam away.



## THE STORY OF THE HOPPER

THE animals roamed wherever they pleased over the land. They wandered through the forests and climbed the mountains. They went into all the caves except one. That one Manabozho told them not to enter.

"What is inside, Manabozho?" asked the animals.

"I do not mind telling you, my children," said Manabozho. "It is a kind of weed called tobacco. Tobacco is not good for you. I do not want any of you ever to touch it."

All the animals trusted Manabozho and obeyed him, except one. He was a great animal all green and black, called the Hopper. His eyes were bright and keen. He had silky wings, and fine long legs. It pleased him to jump farther than any of the other animals. He began to think he was larger than any of them.

One day he said to himself: "Of course, none of the other animals should touch the tobacco. But I ought to, because I am so great. I want to see what this weed looks like."

So he hopped up and down before the cave. The



*The Hopper was a great animal all green and black*

entrance was not hidden in any way, for Manabozho trusted to the honor of his animals.

"I know I am disloyal," said the Hopper. "I know that I ought not to disobey Manabozho. But it is not as wrong in me to do this as if I were a little animal. How great I am! I almost think I could hop up into the sky. By rights I ought to be a ruler with Manabozho."

He made a good many reasons for disobeying Manabozho. And at last he went into the mouth of the cave. It was dark inside, and at first he could see nothing. After a while he saw that the place was full of piles of brown, strong-smelling leaves. The Hopper went closer and closer. At last he snatched a mouthful of them.

At that moment he heard a noise like thunder. It was the voice of Manabozho, who was running down the hill toward the cavern.

"Disobedient Hopper!" cried Manabozho; "did you think I did not know what you are doing? Run! Run! I am following to punish you."

The Hopper rushed out of the cavern, and began to make great leaps through the forest. At first he jumped over the trees; then only as high as the lower branches. He saw that he was growing smaller and smaller.

"Manabozho, Manabozho!" he cried; "do not make me little, I beg you! I was so happy when I was large. I am punished enough. Manabozho, forgive me."

"I forgive you," said Manabozho, "but you must pay for your disobedience."

The poor Hopper was now no larger than a bird.

"Oh, good Manabozho, stop!" he cried. "I am no larger than a sparrow."

"You shall never leap higher than the grass," said Manabozho.

And at that moment the disobedient creature turned into the animal we know as the grasshopper.

"You may keep the mouthful of tobacco for which you have paid so dearly," said Manabozho. "But you must always give it up when you are asked for it. Some time in the future there will be little children on the



*The Hopper began to make great leaps*

earth. They will catch you and say, 'Grasshopper, grasshopper, give me tobacco.' Then you must obey."

The poor Grasshopper felt very sad. There he stood with the brown tobacco juice on his mouth, and trembled as Manabozho spoke.

"Moreover," went on Manabozho, "you shall never help mankind. You will always be more or less harmful to crops. I can think of no punishment worse than that of being useless."



## THE DEEDS OF THE FOX

THE Fox was almost as troublesome as Paupukewis. He was always playing sly tricks. For example, the Wolf was very proud of his tail. Once when he was asleep, the Fox shortened it. He also shortened his head and body.

However, the Wolf paid him back. When the Fox fell asleep, the Wolf lengthened his head and tail and body. After that the two were bitter enemies.

The geese were animals whom the Fox also treated badly. He pretended to be friends with them. But whenever he could, he secretly killed and ate them. He wanted them to show him how to fly, and how to say, "Honk, honk."

They taught him how to fly. But they told him that he must fly with his eyes shut. If ever he opened them, he would lose his power to fly. For many days, whenever he was flying, the Fox obeyed them. Once, however, he thought he saw some little glints of light dancing in front of him. He opened his eyes, and immediately began falling.

The little glints of light were fireflies, and he fell

into their camp. Around it was a high wall. He saw no gate of any sort.

"Oh! beautiful Fox," said the little fireflies, flying about him. "You must stay with us always."

"No, no," he said. "I must go home to my family. Tell me how to get out, and I will give you my necklace of juniper berries."

"We do not want it," they said, "and we do want you to stay with us."

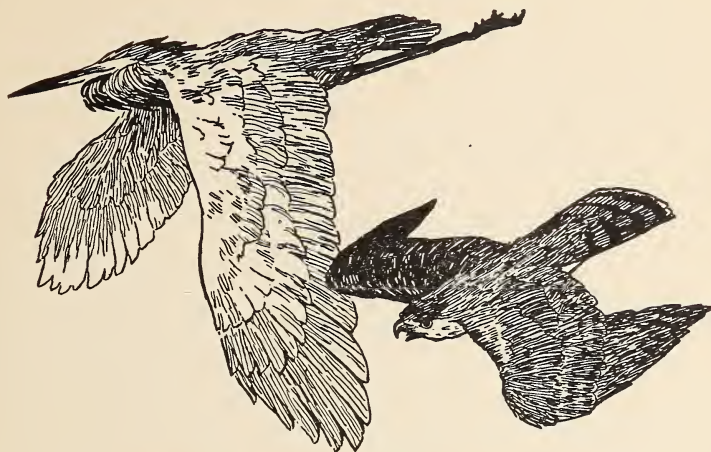
The Fox said nothing more, but he felt rather disheartened. Presently the Hawk and the Brown Heron flew down to him. He told them his trouble.

"You can get out very easily," they said. "Just ask the cedar tree by the wall to stoop down and lift you over. He will be glad to do it."

But as soon as the Fox tried to get near the cedar, a thousand little fireflies flew in front of him.

"Stay in the center of our camp, beautiful Fox," they said. "You look better sitting there."

Then the Fox thought of a plan. He said that he would give a ball for the fireflies. They were pleased to hear this. They were still more pleased when he gave them some colored earth with which to paint their bodies. Then he made a drum of some cedar bark they gave him, and marched about, playing and singing. All the fireflies flew after him, in long rows. They made a



*Presently the Hawk and the Brown Heron flew down*

wonderful procession. The Fox marched in a circle that grew large and larger, coming nearer and nearer the cedar tree. Suddenly he threw away his drum, rushed to the cedar tree, and said, "Cedar, lift me over, please."

At once the tree bent down its branches, and in a moment the Fox was over the wall.

It was morning by this time, and he was very hungry. He came near some bee hives and trotted up quickly. He thought that he would like some honey for breakfast; but there sat Manabozho, teaching lessons to the bees. They all sat inside their hives, and he could hear them buzz-buzzing over their work.

The Fox saw that he could not steal any honey as long as the Rabbit was there.

"Let me teach them, my good friend," he said to Manabozho. "I feel as if I should make a kind teacher."

Manabozho smiled to himself.

"Very well," he said. "I must go home now to get something to eat. I am willing to leave you in my place."

"What shall I do when it is their breakfast time?" asked the sly Fox.

The Rabbit looked at him keenly, and then said: "A good way to tell them that it is breakfast time is to strike on the hives with a club."

No sooner had Manabozho gone away, than the Fox struck on the hives with a heavy stick. He thought that the bees would come out and fly away to the clover blossoms for breakfast. Then he would steal the honey in the hives.

To his surprise, they all flew on him and stung him nearly to death.

"Buzz, buzz!" they said. "How dare you disturb us!"

The Fox ran away howling. Soon he overtook Manabozho, who said to him, "That is what you get for being so unkind and greedy. Take care that a worse punishment does not befall you."

## HOW THE FOX WAS PUNISHED

**A**FTER the Fox had been stung, he behaved properly until the winter. Then one day when he was very hungry, instead of asking for food, he stole a large pile of fish that belonged to some animal. Just as he walked off after eating it, he met Moo-in, the Bear.

Now, the Bear was a good animal, but he believed everything he heard. He said to the Fox: "You have been eating fish. Will you tell me how to get some?"

"Come with me," answered the Fox. "And I will show you where I have just fished up several basketfuls."

The Bear trotted after the Fox, who led him out on the ice. He pointed to a hole that had been made in the ice.

"Just put your tail in there, old fellow," he said, "and soon you will feel the fish pull it. Then you can haul them out by the dozen."

So the Bear dropped in his tail, and waited for half an hour. At the end of this time he moved, and the movement stirred his tail.

"Shall I lift out my tail?" he asked the Fox. "I felt something pull it."

"No, no," said the Fox. "Wait a little longer. And don't move about, or you will frighten the fish away."

The Bear waited all day long. Then he was so cold and stiff that he decided not to sit there another moment. The Fox had been running about to keep himself warm, but the poor Bear had not stirred.

"Fox," he said. "I believe you have been deceiving me. I shall not fish any longer."

"Very well," said the Fox. "Pull up your tail." And he ran away laughing.

The Bear pulled at his tail again and again. It was frozen fast to the ice. Soon in his struggles he broke it off short. And that is why all bears have short tails.

The poor Bear suffered a good deal. And he was very angry with the Fox for playing such a mean trick on him. At last he decided that the Fox must fight with him. So he sent a message to the Fox, telling him this, and saying that he would choose the Wolf and the Pig to help him.

How the Fox laughed when he received the message! He was sure that he could outwit the Bear. He chose a Dog and a Yellow Cat to help him. He sent word to the Bear that he would meet him under the biggest pine tree in the forest.

Then he said to the Yellow Cat, "Go ahead, my



*"Pull up your tail," said the Fox. And he ran away laughing*

friend, and the Dog and I shall follow after. Carry your yellow tail high so that the Bear will think it is a club and be afraid."

The Bear, meanwhile, went at once to the pine tree, accompanied by the Pig. At the last moment the Wolf had refused to go. The Bear and the Pig sat at the foot of the tree. Presently the Pig rolled under some brush wood, and went to sleep. The Bear was very nervous, and kept pacing up and down, wondering when the Fox would come.

At last he thought he would climb the tree to see if the Fox was anywhere in sight. After a time he saw the tail of the Yellow Cat.

"Oh, what a fierce-looking club the Yellow Cat is carrying!" he said.

He watched the Cat till she reached the foot of the tree. She caught sight of the nose of the Pig and thought it was a mouse. In a moment she pounced upon it. The Pig squealed, and rose to his feet. He ran angrily toward her, and she was very much frightened.

In the midst of the grunting and mewling, the Bear in his excitement fell out of the tree. He hurt himself severely, much to the amusement of the Fox, who had by this time arrived.

"You stupid animal," said the Fox, "how do you expect ever to win in a fight if you cannot even keep your balance in a tree?"

The poor Bear only groaned.

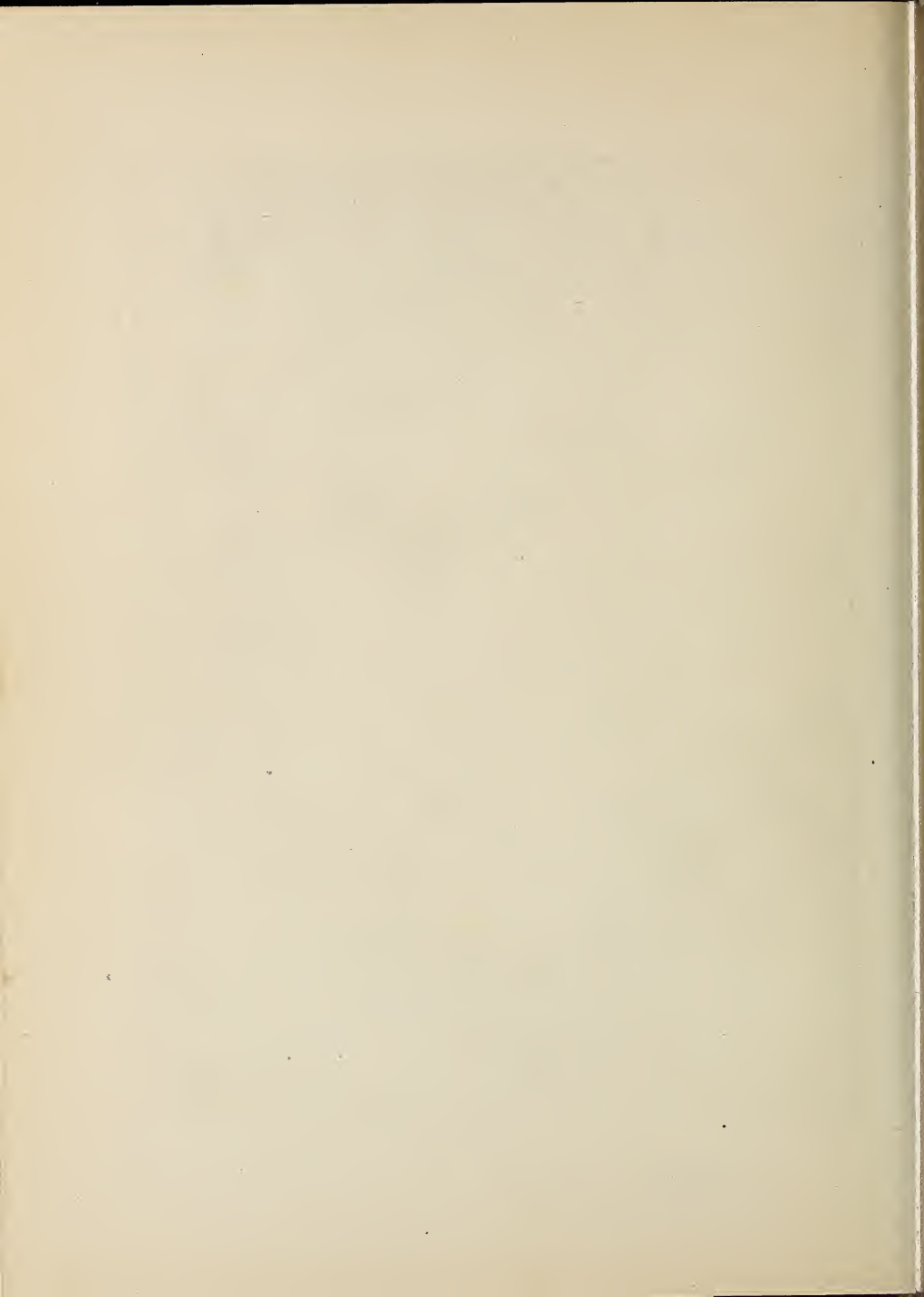
The Fox went away, accompanied by the Dog and the Yellow Cat. Soon he smelled some buffalo meat. He wanted to have it all to himself, so he said to his companions, "Run home, my dears; I will join you later on in the day."

They obediently went on, while he followed the scent of the food. Soon he came in sight of the Porcupine, who was eating a great heap of buffalo rib meat.

The Porcupine saw him coming, and scrambled up into a tree, carrying her meat with her. She was very angry with him, for the Bear was a great friend of hers,



*The Pig squealed and ran angrily toward the Yellow Cat*



and some little birds had just flown past, and had told her what he had done to the poor Bear.

"Give me your meat, my child," said the Fox, when he reached the foot of the tree.

"Come and take it," said the Porcupine. "You made fun of the Bear because he could not keep his balance in a tree. Now show me how well you can climb one."

But a fox cannot climb trees. So he sat below the Porcupine, begging her to throw him the meat.

Then the Porcupine said: "Very well, Fox, you shall have my meat. All I ask is that you lie down till I prepare it. Give me your solemn promise not to eat till I tell you all is ready."

The Fox promised, and lay down. Then the Porcupine tore the meat from the buffalo ribs, and threw down piece after piece by the Fox. At first he lay still, but by and by his eyes began to gleam greedily, and he put his head nearer and nearer the food.

"Do not touch it until I tell you to," said the Porcupine.

But the Fox jumped up and began to eat.

"You have broken your word," said the Porcupine. "I thought I should give you one last chance to see if there were any honesty in you. But you are wicked through and through, and you shall die."

The Fox lifted his head, surprised to hear such words. As he did so, the Porcupine, who had a steady aim, threw down the buffalo ribs, and hit him on the forehead. The heavy bones killed him at once; and so the Fox had his punishment.



## THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLACK CAT

**I**N THE southern part of Manabozho's world there lived a beautiful bird named Pookjusquess. She had a great many admirers, but her two chief friends were the Black Cat and the Sable. They used to do whatever they could to please her. Each hoped that she would marry him.

One day she said that she would like some maple sugar. So the Black Cat and the Sable set out to get her some. They sailed in a canoe till they reached the island where the sugar maples grew. Then they landed, and began to look for trees which had a good supply of sap.

In some way they became separated. The Sable was going along, looking up at the trunks of the maple trees. Suddenly he found that he had stepped into the house of the big Black Snake.

"What are you doing here?" cried the Black Snake angrily.

"I am very sorry," said the Sable; "it was an accident."

The Snake's eyes grew very cunning.

"Never mind," he said. "You may stay with me for a while as my guest. But first I want you to find me a good straight stick. I am going to entertain you very well, but I want a good stick to help."

So the Sable went after the stick. While he was looking for it, he met the Black Cat. He told him all that had happened.

The Black Cat shook his head, and blinked his green eyes.

"It looks suspicious to me," he said. "First the Snake is angry; then he becomes very pleasant."

The Black Cat found a crooked stick.

"There," he said; "take that to the Snake. Tell him he can straighten it in the fire. I shall sit outside his house and watch what happens. I will not let him harm you."

The Sable went back to the Snake's house with the stick.

"What does this mean?" said the Black Snake crossly. "I asked you for a straight stick. This is as crooked as the Grande Ronde River."

"If you will heat this stick," said the Sable, "it will soon straighten. I will light a fire for you."

"I can light my own fire," said the Snake rudely.

The Black Cat peeped in at the door. He saw the



*The Black Cat shook his head and blinked his green eyes*

sly, wicked glances the Snake cast at the Sable. As soon as the stick was hot, the Snake said: "I do not think I shall wait till it straightens. I am going to kill you with it now."

He tried to hit the Sable with the stick, but at that moment the Black Cat sprang into the house. He snatched the hot stick from the Snake, and beat him on the head with it.

"Now, let us go home," he said. "While you were with the Snake, I boiled sap, and made some delicious maple sugar. Let us take it to our beautiful Pookjussess, and I will tell her that I saved your life."

When the Bird heard the story, she felt very proud of the Black Cat.

"You are cleverer than any one I know," she said; "and some day I shall marry you."

But after a time, Pookjusquess, who was fickle, became tired of the Black Cat. She made up her mind that she would get rid of him. So she asked him if he would not like to go with her to Gull Island, to gather gull's eggs.

He was delighted. He paddled her in his canoe, and she perched on the bow, and pretended to enjoy herself. When they reached the island, she sat on the shore while the Black Cat ran off to hunt for eggs.

As soon as he was a little way from the shore, the Bird loosed the canoe, and away it floated. Then she laughed.

"Good-by, Black Cat. I am tired of you, and I am going to leave you here. When the tide comes up all the island will be covered with water and you will be drowned."

The Black Cat could hardly believe that he really heard these cruel things. He felt very sad as he watched her paddle away. Soon the tide came up. It rose higher and higher till it covered all but a little spot of land in the center of the island.

There was a tree growing on this spot, and the Black Cat climbed into it. The water rose to the trunk of the tree, and then to the branches. The Black Cat was sure that he would drown.

Just as he had given up all hope of being saved, Ahmik, the Beaver, appeared, accompanied by the Snail.

They told the Black Cat that they would save him. They carried him by turns on their backs till they reached the mainland.

His friend the Sable was at the shore to meet them. He gave the Black Cat some food. When he and the other animals heard what Pookjusquess had done, they said that they would never again speak to her, or have anything to do with her.



## THE HARE AND THE WOODPECKER

ONE day the Hare was very hungry. He thought that he would go to the home of Ma-Ma, the red-headed Woodpecker, and get something to eat. When he reached the door, the Woodpecker came out and greeted him kindly.

"Come in, brother Hare," he said.

Then he turned to his wife, and asked, "Have you not something that you can give the Hare to eat?"

"No," she said; "nothing."

In the center of the place where Ma-Ma lived was a large white tamarack tree. The Woodpecker flew into this. He began hopping up its trunk, turning his head this way and that way, and driving his bill into the wood. At last he drew something from the tree, and threw it down. It was a fine fat raccoon. He drew out six more, and then flew to the ground.

"We are eating raccoons just now, Hare," he said. "I hope you will like our food."

"It is very good," said the Hare, beginning to eat.

He sat talking for a long time to the Woodpecker and his wife, and when he rose to go, the Woodpecker



*The Woodpecker began to hop up the trunk of the white tamarack*

said to his wife, "Give the Hare what is left of the raccoons. Perhaps his children would like to eat them."

The Hare took the food and departed. The Woodpecker's son flew with him a short distance. When he turned to go home, the Hare said, "Tell me, is this what you usually eat—raccoon meat?"

"Yes," replied the young woodpecker.

"Very well," said the Hare. "Tell your father to come and visit me soon. Let him bring a sack with him. I shall give him something good to carry home with him."

When the son delivered the message, the Woodpecker laughed.

"I wonder what the Hare expects to give me," he said.

Very soon afterwards he paid a visit to the home of the Hare. The Hare had been expecting him for some time.

The Hare thought that he was a clever animal. He believed that he could do anything that any other creature could do. Often he imitated the actions, and the very voices, of the other animals.

On this occasion he tried to be like the Woodpecker. He had changed the position of his house so that in the center of it stood a tamarack tree. The guest sat under the tree, and then the Hare said, "We are eating

raccoons just now, Woodpecker. Should you like anything different?"

"No," answered Ma-Ma. "Raccoon meat is very good."

Then the Hare tied a piece of bone to his nose in imitation of the bill of the Woodpecker. He jumped upon the tree, and attempted to climb it, trying to turn his head first on one side, and then on the other as Ma-Ma had done.

He constantly slipped down, but he persevered, striking the tree with the bone on his nose. He struck so hard that he drove the bone into his nostrils. Blood poured forth, and he fainted.

The Woodpecker, after a good deal of trouble, brought him to his senses again. As soon as the Hare was better, he began to make excuses for his failure to get raccoons.

The Woodpecker flew into the tree and brought out several fine raccoons.

"There, Hare!" he said. "I will give you these raccoons, because you must be hungry. But I have a poor opinion of you. What do you think your cousin Manabozho would say to you?"

Then the Woodpecker flew home.

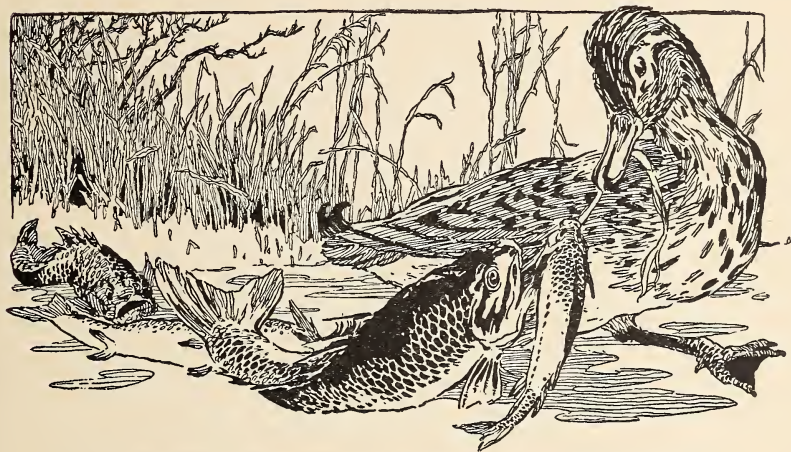
## THE STORY OF SHINGEBISS

SHINGEBISS was the name of the Brown Duck. He lived all alone on the shores of Lake Huron. In the winter he always had four great logs for his fire. He began to use them toward the end of November, and finished the last one toward the end of March. As he could always find food, he was very comfortable.

Shingebiss was brave. In the coldest weather he would go out and waddle across the ice till he came to a place where frozen rushes grew. These he would pull up, and, through the holes left, he would dive down after fish. He always went home dragging a great string of fish behind him. Then he warmed himself by his fire, and cooked his dinner.

The name of the northwest wind was Kabebonicca. He liked to make every one afraid of his blasts. He delighted in seeing the animals cower before him, and he was angry because Shingebiss did not seem to be afraid of him.

"This Shingebiss," he said to himself one January, "seems as contented as if it were June. I shall see if I cannot master him."



*Shingebiss always went home dragging a great string of fish*

So Kabebonicca sent out dreadful blasts, and made high drifts of snow. It was ten times colder than it had ever been before. None of the animals except Shingebiss dared go into the open air for fear of freezing to death. But Shingebiss did not appear to mind the weather. He went out every day for fish, and at night he returned and warmed himself by his fire, which burned as brightly as ever.

"Ah, this will never do," said Kabebonicca. "Perhaps if I can make Shingebiss hungry I shall conquer him."

So he visited each of the holes where Shingebiss always fished. He breathed on them, and puffed great piles of snow into them. Then he dropped a little

water on the snow-filled holes. And soon they were all frozen up.

When Shingebiss visited the plugged holes, he did not seem surprised. He merely went past them and looked for some more rushes. Then he pulled them out and used the holes for diving.

After Shingebiss had gone home, Kabebonicca filled up these holes also. But the sturdy Shingebiss always found new holes among the rushes, for he had sharper eyes than Kabebonicca.

"Kabebonicca rushes over the whole earth," he said to himself, "while I go but a little way on land and ice. It is natural that I should look closely and see small things. A thing must be rather large before Kabebonicca can see it."

The northwest wind was sure that a great creature like himself could conquer the little Brown Duck.

"I will not stand this any longer," he said. "I am going to his house to see how he lives. If I sit beside him, he will soon freeze."

So he went to the house of Shingebiss. The Brown Duck sat by the fire. He had just had his supper and was feeling contented. He heard Kabebonicca at the door, but he did not say anything.

Kabebonicca entered and at once the place became colder. The flames died down a little and shivered. The

Duck pretended not to notice that he had a visitor. He began to sing as if to amuse himself, and the words of his song were these:

"I am Shingebiss, the happy Brown Duck,  
Fond of my fishing, and sure of good luck.  
I always return with a string of fresh fish,  
And I fry them all brown in my neat little dish.  
Then I sit by the fire and warm my webbed feet.  
I care not a bit for rain, snow, or sleet.  
I could not be hurt by the heaviest storm,  
For my sturdy brown logs keep me cosy and warm.  
And if Kabebonica, the northwest wind,  
Were to come to see me, he'd very soon find  
That though he may rage, and howl, and hiss,  
He cannot alarm little Shingebiss."

Then Shingebiss got up and took his poker. He poked the logs so hard that the little flames sprang up, tall and broad. As he poked, tears began to flow down the cheeks of Kabebonica. They flowed fast and faster, so that soon his face seemed covered as if with a river.

"Oh, oh, I shall melt!" he cried, his voice sounding thin.

The northwest wind waited only a moment longer, and then he rushed into the cool open air. He tumbled into a deep snowdrift, and spread out his long hair and beard. He took long, deep breaths, and soon he felt a little stronger.

"Ah," he said, "I thought I was going to die! That Shingebiss is a wonderful creature. I cannot starve him, and I cannot freeze him. Hereafter I shall let him alone."

Then he flapped his wings and flew off toward the North Pole.



## THE STORY OF THE SIX YOUNG EAGLES

ONCE there was a happy family of eight eagles. There were the father and mother and six sons. The sons were all young and so their parents fed them. They ate so much that both the father and mother had to be away all day working to get enough food for them.

One day some hunters shot the father eagle as he was going to the north, and the mother eagle, as she was going to the south. The six children waited and waited for their parents. All night long they sat in their nest, shivering and crying.

In the morning the eldest one, called Gray Eagle, said to the others, "Dear brothers, I am larger than any of you. My feathers are so strong that I think I can fly. I will look for food. I am sure our father and mother are dead."

"No, no," the others said, "do not leave us. You will be killed if you try to fly."

"But, brothers," he answered, "if I stay here, we shall all die. If I fall and am killed, it only means death

a little sooner. On the other hand, if I fly in safety, it means food for you."

So saying, Gray Eagle stood on the edge of the nest. Then he made a lurch forward. At first he fell in a clumsy way, turning over and over. But then he began to flap his wings, and after that he managed better. He reached the ground safe.

He practiced flying upward for a little while. Then he looked for food. He chose a tiny little pig which he found in a sty. Then all the eagles were happy.

Of course Gray Eagle could not fully supply the wants of all six of them, but he got enough food to keep them from starving. Every day he made the brothers practice flying, and when autumn came they could manage their wings fairly well. But they were not very skillful in finding things to eat.

One day Gray Eagle did not return to the nest. The others wondered, for he had promised to come back soon with a fine swan. They had intended to eat the swan, and then start for a southern climate where they would spend the winter.

After waiting a long time in great anxiety, the five went in search of Gray Eagle. They found him groaning with a broken wing on the ground behind their crag.

"Dear brothers," he said, "in pouncing on the swan, I fell and broke my wing. But do not think of me.



*Gray Eagle stood on the edge of the nest*



Winter will soon be here; go quickly to the south. It is better that I should die here alone than that you all should perish."

"Never," cried the five brothers. "We will never desert you. We will stay here and share your suffering. We will nurse you and care for you as you cared for us."

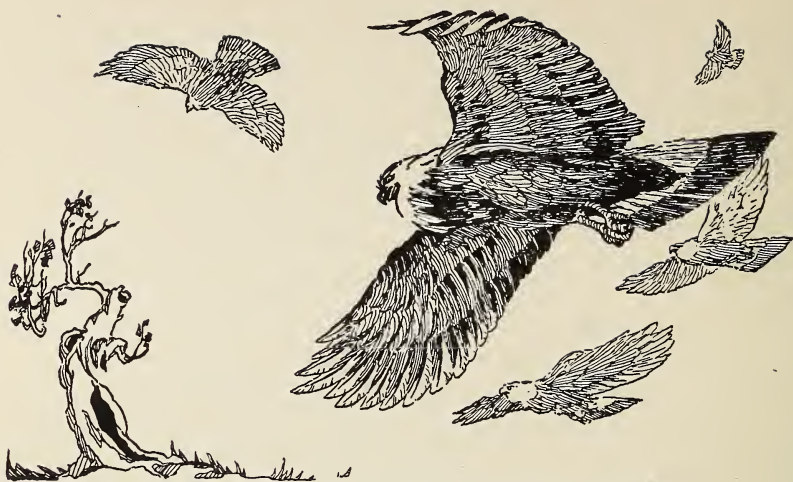
"It will be safer for you if you go," he replied.

"We will not," they all said. "If the cold kills you, it shall kill us. You have been father and mother to us. Whether you live or die, we will live or die with you."

They searched till they found a hollow tree. There they carried poor Gray Eagle. Then they worked hard to find food for the winter. Soon they had stored a great deal in the tree. Then, to be sure that the food would last, two of the brothers went south. The other three remained to watch over and feed their wounded brother.

In due time, he got well. He repaid the kindness of his brothers by giving them much good advice. He told them when and where to hunt, after the weather was mild. As spring came on, he was able to leave the hollow tree and hunt with them. Their food was all gone, but that did not matter, for each day all except one brought home something to eat.

That one was Peepi, the youngest. His brothers thought he failed to get anything because he was small



*Gray Eagle's five brothers searched till they found a hollow tree*

and foolish. They thought that he flew here and there, and did not stay long enough in one place. One day Gray Eagle asked him why he always failed.

"It is not because I cannot hunt," said Peepi. "I kill something every time I go out, but just as I am flying home, the Owl, Ko-ko-ko-ko-ho, robs me of my prey."

"I shall go out with you to-morrow, Peepi," said Gray Eagle. "The Owl will not trouble you if I am with you."

The next day, they went out together. Gray Eagle sat by the lake, and Peepi flew out over the waters. Soon he pounced upon a fish.

"Well done!" thought Gray Eagle.

But just as Peepi was landing, a great white Owl, which had been hidden in a tree near by, flew out.

"Give that fish to me, Peepi," he said.

He was snatching the fish, when Gray Eagle flew up. He put his talons in the Owl, and flew home with him. Peepi followed with his fish, glad that he had something to show at last.

When Gray Eagle set the Owl down, Peepi flew in his face, and wanted to scratch out his eyes. But Gray Eagle said: "Hush, hush; do not show such bad temper. Do not be so revengeful, Peepi. This will be a lesson to Ko-ko-ko-ko-ho not to tyrannize in the future. Let him get what food is needful to keep him alive, but he must not steal it from one who is smaller and weaker than himself."

Then Gray Eagle gave Ko-ko-ko-ko-ho some herbs to cure the wounds his talons had made. The Owl flew slowly home. As the four brothers watched him, they heard a tapping on the other side of their hollow tree. They went to see what it was, and there stood the two brothers who had gone to the south. They were all very happy to be together again. They spent a long time talking over the adventures of the wanderers.

Soon each one chose a mate, and after that there were six nests on the crag, and six happy families.

## THE STORY OF THE SUMMER-MAKER

THIS is the story that Manabozho told the animals about how summer came.

Once upon a time before the animals lived in the cavern, and before the flood came, they lived upon the earth, which was very cold. One of the animals was a sprightly young creature called the Fisher. He loved to hunt, and often went out with Ojeeg, his father. But he was never happy, because he was always so cold.

One day he was walking home alone, sobbing because he was cold, when he saw a little red Squirrel. The Squirrel asked him what was the matter.

"I am so cold," answered the little Fisher. "I cannot hunt when my fingers hurt."

"My child," said the Squirrel, "do you not know that Ojeeg, your father, is a spirit with great power? Ask him to get perpetual summer for you."

As soon as the little Fisher went home, he begged his father for perpetual summer.

"My son," said Ojeeg, "you do not know what you are asking of me."

But the Fisher pleaded so hard that at last his father



*One day the Fisher saw a little red Squirrel*

said, "Dear son, your grief is very painful to me. If you cannot be happy without perpetual summer, I shall try to get it for you. But it is a great undertaking."

The next day Ojeeg made a great feast and invited some of his friends. Afterwards he expected them to go on a journey with him. Those who came were the Otter, the Beaver, the Lynx, the Badger, and the Wolverine. They sat down to dine on a bear which had been roasted whole.

In three days they set out on the journey. Ojeeg left his wife and the little Fisher with great sadness. He did not believe that he would ever return to them.

The party traveled for twenty days till they reached the foot of a high mountain. Here they found the tracks of some one who had just killed an animal. They knew that by the blood that marked the way. They followed the tracks, and at last arrived at a lodge.

"Come," said Ojeeg; "I know who lives here. Come in, but do not laugh on any account."

They went in and saw a queer creature inside. He had a big head, and saw-like teeth, but no paws or arms. They wondered how he could get food, but they soon found out that he was a magician.

He boiled food in a large hollow vessel, and by some magical means set a share before each of his guests. He made so many odd movements in doing this, that the Otter burst out laughing.

The magician gave him a terrible look. Then he sprang at the Otter, and fell on him. He intended to smother him, for that was the way he killed animals. But the Otter slipped from under him, and ran out of the door.

The magician acted as if nothing unusual had happened. He talked pleasantly with the other guests. He seemed to know why they were taking their journey, for he told Ojeeg that he would succeed in his object.

"But it may cost you your life," he said. "Be careful not to try to do too much for your son."

Poor Ojeeg sighed, but said nothing. Then the magician told them what road to take, and how to act.

The next morning, when they had gone a mile or two, they met the Otter. He was very cold and hungry. Ojeeg had taken some meat with him from the magician's house, and he gave this to his poor friend.

They traveled up the mountain for twenty days. When they stood on the highest peak, they were astonished. The sky seemed a very short distance above their heads. After they had rested and eaten, the father Fisher said: "Now, my friends, we have reached our journey's end. Our object is to make a hole in the sky. Otter, will you jump up and try?"

The Otter laughed. Then he jumped upward, but he did not break into the sky. He fell back, and began to roll down the mountain. When he reached the bottom, he jumped to his feet, and ran home. Then the Beaver tried; he also failed. The Lynx and the Badger had no better success. All rolled to the foot of the mountain, and ran home.

"Wolverine," said Ojeeg to his only remaining companion, "your ancestors have always been famed for their activity. I depend on you to succeed. Make the leap."

The Wolverine leapt once and failed. But he did not roll downhill. He tried again, and the sky gave way

a little. The third time he tried, he succeeded in making the hole. In he leapt, and Ojeeg followed him.

They found themselves on a beautiful plain extending as far as the eye could see. It was covered with flowers of all colors and of great sweetness. There were trees, too, and streams of clear water. But they saw no birds. Here and there were lodges.

Ojeeg and the Wolverine were delighted. They cautiously entered one of the lodges, and then another. No one seemed to be living in them except birds. There were dozens of birds, but they were all in cages. Ojeeg opened the cages, one after another. The birds flew out and began to sing.

Presently they saw the hole in the sky, and began to fly downward to the earth. The warm air followed them. Ojeeg thought that now at last the little Fisher would be happy.

"Come, come," called the Wolverine. "You have set free hundreds of birds. We have enough. Let us go, for those who live here will surely soon return."

"I shall soon be ready," said Ojeeg. "All the warm air has not yet gone, and I want to get some more birds for the little Fisher."

"Remember the magician's warning," said the Wolverine.

At that moment the spirits who owned the beautiful



*Ojeeg and the Wolverine found themselves on a beautiful plain*

plain came rushing toward Ojeeg and the Wolverine. They saw that their warm air was going to the earth. When they reached the hole, autumn, spring, and summer had already gone. Perpetual summer was just slipping through. They seized and caught it, and part of it broke off. Only a little of it succeeded in getting to earth, and the edges of it where it broke were so mangled that it has been weak ever since. That is why people who live where there is perpetual summer are never so healthy as people are who live where there is some cold weather.

The Wolverine slipped through the hole just before perpetual summer started. Before Ojeeg could try to escape, the spirits had closed up the hole.

Ojeeg began to run along the plains. The spirits ran after him. They came so near to him that at last he saw he could not escape in that way. He climbed a tall tree, hoping to gain a little time.

They stood below and began to shoot arrows at him. But he could be hurt only in one spot, which was an inch from the tip of his tail. So at first the arrows had no effect on him. The spirits were astonished, but they were determined to kill him.

They began to aim arrows at every bit of his body. Ojeeg tried to protect his tail. When they saw that, they covered his tail with arrows, and at last shot him in the fatal spot. He fell heavily to the ground.

The spirits crowded around him, and he said, "I am dying, but I have fulfilled my promise to my son. I am happy because I have done so much good for him and for my fellow creatures. Summer is now on earth."

The spirits knew that he spoke the truth. They admired him because he was so brave.

He continued: "I shall be famous, too. I shall be turned into a group of stars, and every time any one looks at me, he will remember what I have done."

Then the father Fisher died. The next night, a new group of stars appeared in the sky. The Indians call them the Fisher group, but white people call them the Plough.

## THE VISIT TO THE SKY

ALL the animals liked to watch the sky at night. It seemed to them so beautiful when it was full of bright stars. The Turtle and the Deer both wished they could visit the sky.

One day the Turtle decided to go, no matter how much trouble it cost him. So the next time the Thunder Bird came into the sky, the Turtle called to him boldly, "Thunder Bird, please lift me up to the sky."

The Thunder Bird was amazed at being spoken to, because most of the animals were afraid of him. However, although he was a fierce bird, he could be good-natured. So he lifted the Turtle in his beak, and carried him up into the sky.

Just below him the Turtle saw the Thunder Bird making thunder and lightning. But above him the stars were shining and the sky was blue. The Turtle crawled up and down the Milky Way and talked to the stars. He was very happy, and not at all ready to go when the Thunder Bird came for him.

"Let me stay longer," he begged.

"No, indeed," said the Thunder Bird. "I should

not have taken you at all. I'll never do it again, mind that."

"I thought perhaps you would take the Deer," said the Turtle timidly. "He wants very much to visit the sky."

"Well, I can't take him," said the Thunder Bird.

And he set the Turtle down hard on a rock.

When the Deer heard what the Thunder Bird had said, he was disappointed. He wanted very much to visit the stars. However, he thought that perhaps there might be some one else besides the Thunder Bird whom he could ask for help.

He decided to speak to the Rainbow.

"Won't you let me run along your beautiful path to the sky?" he asked.

The Rainbow considered, and then said, "Come to me in the winter when I am resting by the mountain, and I will carry you to the sky."

The Deer did nothing but sit beside the mountain all winter. He neglected his friends. He did not attend the councils which Manabozho called for the animals. He merely waited for the Rainbow. But she never came.

In the spring he found her by the river St. Lawrence.

"You deceived me," he said to her. "Why did you not come as you promised?"



*"Won't you let me run along your beautiful path to the sky?" asked the Deer*

"The weather was too cold," she said. "I could not come. But wait for me by Lake Ontario, and as soon as the fog appears, I will join you."

The Deer waited for many days by Lake Ontario. The other animals reminded him of the great spring council every animal was expected to attend. He said he would be present unless the one he was waiting for came.

On the very day of the council, the Rainbow appeared. She made a beautiful path for him, and he joyfully ran along it. First he went through a strange forest, and then past a high mountain, and at last he reached the sky.

When the animals met in council, the Great Bear missed the Deer, and asked where he was. Several began to seek him. The Wolf looked in the forests; the Hawk looked in the air. At last the Turtle entered the council. He said that he had seen the Deer running along the Rainbow, to get to the sky.

The animals looked intently into the sky. After a time the sharper-sighted ones said that they saw the Deer in the sky playing with the comets. They ran to the Rainbow, and begged her to let them use her path so that they could join the Deer.

The Rainbow hesitated.

"My path is rather thin," she said. "I do not know whether it will hold you all or not."

"Let us try," said the animals. "We can let the little ones go first to see if it will hold."

So the Rainbow consented. First the Grasshopper hopped along; then the Sparrow; then the Raven; then Shingebiss; then the Beaver. Last of all went the Great Bear. One after another they hopped, and flew, and ran, and trotted along.

The Rainbow felt much anxiety. She was greatly relieved when they all reached the sky in safety. She rested, while they played with the stars. When it was almost morning, she called to them, "It is time to return, friends. Hurry, for I am thinner than I was."



*Last of all up the Rainbow path went the Great Bear*

The animals were sorry to leave the stars, but most of them ran at once to the Rainbow. Only three came more slowly.

"Quick, quick!" called the Rainbow. "Shingebiss, Ahmik, and Great Bear, do not loiter!"

Shingebiss and Ahmik hurried on to the path of the Rainbow. The Great Bear, however, paused one moment to bid good-bye to his old friend the Fisher stars.

"Oh, I am crumbling away," cried the Rainbow to him.

The Great Bear looked up, and there was a big black gap between him and the edge of the Rainbow. It was too wide to leap over. He saw Ahmik and the other

animals running along as fast as they could with the Rainbow crumbling behind their heels.

"It is too late," said the Rainbow. "The others are safe, but not you."

So the Great Bear had to stay in the sky where you can see him to this day.



## HOW THE ANIMALS LOST THEIR SPEECH

IT IS hard to believe that animals could once talk as you listen now to the neigh of the horse, the squeal of the pig, and the bleat of the kid. Yet they once spoke as well as any intelligent human being.

When the Rooster feels proud now, he flies upon a fence and flaps his wings and says, "Cock-a-doodle-do!" But formerly he would turn to his wife and say, "My dear, do you not think I am handsome?" When the hen lays an egg now, she cackles. Formerly she used to say, "There now!"

The animals lost their power of speech on account of the folly of the king of the elks. The elks were red and gray animals of great strength. Whenever they went on journeys, they kept up a long steady trot for hours, and never seemed to tire.

The king was the largest of them all. When he stood with his people round him, he rose far above them. He looked like a tall pine tree surrounded by little saplings. No matter how deep a snow drift was he could run over it with great speed. The branches of his huge wide-

spreading antlers were as large and thick as the limbs of the biggest oak tree that ever grew.

The Elk did not like Manabozho. He often wished that he could rule over all the other animals as well as over the elks. One day he was talking in this way to an old magician.

"I am so tired of hearing Manabozho's name," he said. "I wonder if he is going to rule forever."

The magician replied, "There is a prophecy that if an elk and a beaver should marry before Manabozho hears of the wedding, their son will be greater than Manabozho."

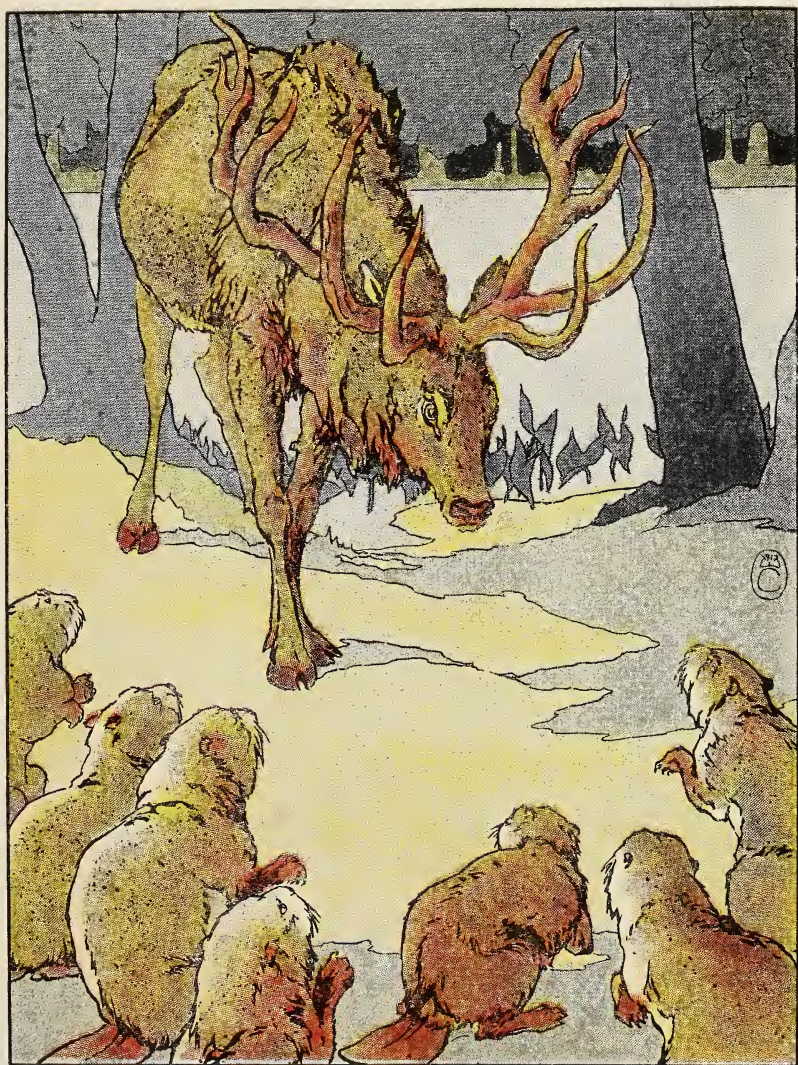
The king of the elks was a slow-witted animal. He thought for some time, and then he said, "Why should not I marry a beaver?"

"That is a good plan," said the magician. "You are a great elk. And the beavers have power next to Manabozho."

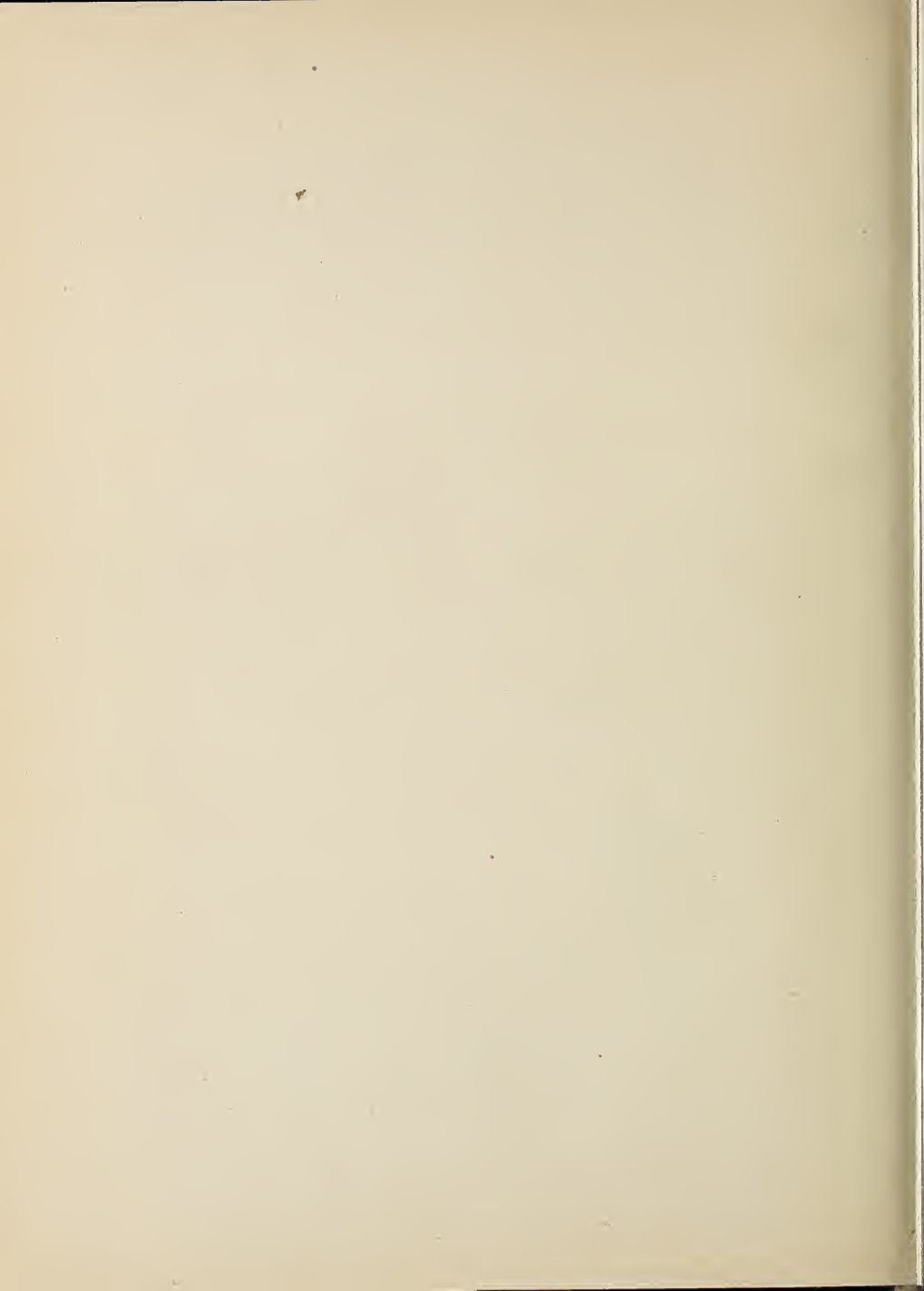
"I should think that my son would be greater than Manabozho," said the king of the elks. "I am very much obliged to you for what you have told me."

"Be sure not to let Manabozho know," called the magician after him.

The king of the elks trotted along till he came to Lake Nipissing where the beavers live. They all rose up to greet him. He chose a beautiful female beaver and



*The beavers all rose up to greet the king of the elks*



asked her to marry him. The beavers agreed to the match.

The king of the elks did not tell them why he wanted the marriage but he talked and boasted a great deal to his people.

"Just a little longer," he said, "and Manabozho will be overthrown."

He was so proud of what was going to happen, that he decided to have a great wedding feast. He said to the beavers: "I am going to invite every one but Manabozho."

The beavers wondered, but they said nothing. The little birds of whom Manabozho was so fond heard the Elk, and wondered, too.

"How strange!" they said to one another. "The elk king is not going to invite our Manabozho to his wedding."

"What!" said Hega, the Buzzard, when she heard it. "I shall never again doctor the elks when they are sick."

She told the Eagle, and the Eagle told the Raven, and the Raven told the Kingfisher, and the Kingfisher told the Woodpecker. Manabozho heard them chattering. He did not ask any questions. He went quietly about his duties.

The king of the elks laughed as he saw him.

"Manabozho does not suspect," he said. "And very, very soon his power will be done."

The king of the elks spent a great deal of time plotting against Manabozho. He made dozens of plans by which his son should overthrow Manabozho. Manabozho heard them all, but said nothing.

On the day of the wedding all the animals were assembled on the banks of Lake Nipissing. The king of the elks walked proudly among them, and boasted of his son who was to rule after Manabozho. The animals listened in wonder. Then they began to discuss the matter. Their voices rose, deep and shrill, soft and loud, making a great babble.

In the midst of the noise, Manabozho appeared. He looked angrily at the king of the elks, and sadly at the other animals.

"My children," he said, "you have been guilty of listening to the plans and stratagems against me, which the Great Elk has made. You may make plans if you please, but you shall never again talk of them."

Then the Great White Rabbit picked a thorn and went up to the Elk. He opened the animal's mouth, and made two holes in it, one in his tongue, and the other in the inner side of his jaw. Then he tied down his tongue with a thread of mulberry bark.

All the animals looked on, too amazed to say



*In the midst of the noise Manabozho appeared*

anything. Then Manabozho picked some black mushrooms, some leaves of the maple tree, and some dogwood flowers. He made them into tiny rolls about the size of the eyeball of a humming bird. He gave each animal a roll to eat.

The Mocking Bird ate only three quarters of hers, and the Parrot only a third. But all the other animals ate all that Manabozho gave them. Then the Dog turned to Manabozho to explain that he had meant no harm. But all he said was "Bow-wow!"

And Shingebiss tried to tell his wife that it was time to go home, but all he said was "Quack, quack!"

Then all the animals tried to talk to Manabozho,

and instead of speech he heard yelping and roaring and howling and grunting and squealing and chirping.

The Mocking Bird, however, managed to say a word or two, while the Parrot spoke several sentences. And since that day, no animal except those two has been able to talk.



## THE BIBLIOGRAPHY

*As the child's interest in Indian lore increases, the teacher may find material for supplementary oral stories in the following books:*

### MYTHS AND LEGENDS

- CANFIELD, W. W. Legends of the Iroquois.  
COMPTON, MARGARET. American Indian Fairy Tales.  
CURTIN, J. Creation Myths of Primitive America.  
    Myths of the Modocs.  
EMERSON, E. R. Indian Myths.  
GRINNELL, GEORGE B. Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales.  
HARDY, MARY EARLE. Little Ta-Wish.  
JUDD, MARY CATHERINE. Wigwam Stories.  
JUDSON, KATHARINE B. Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest.  
    Myths and Legends of Alaska.  
    Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest.  
    Myths and Legends of the Great Plains.  
LELAND, C. G. Algonquin Legends of New England.  
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. Hiawatha.  
MCCLINTOCK, W. Old North Trail.  
PHILLIPS, W. S. Indian Fairy Tales.  
PROUDFOOT, MARY. Hiawatha Industrial Reader.  
SCHOOLCRAFT, H. R. The Indian Fairy Book.  
    Thirty Years with Indian Tribes.  
SPENCE, L. Myths and Legends of the North American Indians.  
WASHBURNE, MARION F. Indian Legends.

### HISTORY AND ROMANCE

- CATLIN, G. North American Indians.  
EASTMAN, CHARLES A. Indian Boyhood.  
GRINNELL, GEORGE B. The Story of the Indian.  
HINMAN, ELIZABETH E. Naya.  
STARR, FREDERICK. American Indians.

# New Stories of Industrial and Foreign Life For Grade Readers

**The Hiawatha Industrial Reader.** By Mary A. Proudfoot, formerly Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, Bay City, Michigan. For grades three and four.

A social and industrial story of the American Indian which parallels the experience of the child who is himself primitive. Though based upon *The Song of Hiawatha* and laced together with prose, the stories unfold facts of early life that grip the child. In the struggle for shelter, clothing, social and industrial expression, he recognizes his own primitive gropings and meets them gladly. In *The Suggestions to Teachers* is found a veritable mine of related work.

Illustrated with many beautiful wash drawings by J. Allen St. John. Cloth, 193 pages.....50 cents

**Weavers and Other Workers.** Jennie Hall, author of *Viking Tales*, *Four Old Greeks*, and *The Story of Chicago*. For third and fourth grades.

Weaving and allied occupations from the shepherd and his flock in early times to the final expression in the wonderful Persian rug. In the development of the industry, Jews, Persians, Bedouins, Navajo Indians are seen in their contributive work of herding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, and through the mediums of such prose, poetry and pictures as second and third graders have seldom enjoyed. The correlated manual work is of great interest.

Illustrated with many half-tone reproductions of masterpieces and wash drawings by Milo Winter. Cloth, 170 pages.....50 cents

**Child Life in Other Lands.** H. Avis Perdue, of Chicago Normal School, joint author of *Child Life in Many Lands*, and *Language Through Nature, Literature and Art*.

A little book that brings together from all over the world children and their particular countries—nations involved in the war or affected by it. Thus, at the great moment of world history, are little Americans enabled to get an insight into the home life and occupations, games and holidays, national songs and stories of little people who, in the future, will be bound to us much more closely than in the past.

Illustrated with wash drawings by Milo Winter and half-tones from photographs. Cloth, 232 pages.....50 cents

**Hindu Tales.** Teresa Peirce Williston, author of *Japanese Fairy Tales*, Series I, II. For fourth and fifth grades.

In *Hindu Tales* little Westerners strike a fresh trail to the realms of wonderland. Stories of nature and animal interest, magic and soul transference, they reflect not only the thought and poetic mysticism of the East, but the old life of the people—a life and spirit further emphasized by the unusual color work of Maud Hunt Squire. The book closes with rich material for the teacher's use on the geography and current life of India.

Illustrated with many color plates by Maud Hunt Squire and decorative borders of Hindu spirit. Cloth, 84 pages.....50 cents

Chicago

Rand McNally & Company

New York



# The Quaint Life and Home Interests of Children in Many Countries

together with a simple industrial note are charmingly disclosed in these readers. Illustrations are by the best artists for children, and the covers are like those of gift books

**Holland Stories.** Mary E. Smith. For grades two and three.

Stories picturing in the simplest and most realistic way the home life and pleasures of the little Dutch children, together with the unique industries of Holland—such as digging peat, making cheese and wooden shoes, and the work of the windmills and canals.

Illustrated with twelve full pages in color and fifty-five line drawings by Bonniel Butler. Cloth, 159 pages.....50 cents

**Eskimo Stories.** Mary E. Smith. For grades two and three.

Full of movement, and the snap of northern air. Hunting, fishing, and outdoor sports of the snowbound people and their sturdy little sons are vividly pictured. This, with strange birds and animals, and the fact that all this is characteristic of a part of our country makes the little book doubly attractive.

Illustrated with seventeen full-page and seventy-seven text illustrations in half tones by Howard V. Brown. Cloth, 189 pages.....40 cents

**Pilgrim Stories.** Margaret Blanche Pumphrey. For grades three and four.

Charming little stories of Pilgrim times, bringing out in the most engaging style the child life of the day and the history back of it. The Brewster children are the center of interest, and through them are told the experiences of the Pilgrims in all their wanderings from Scrooby Inn to the landing at Plymouth, and the first Thanksgiving.

Illustrated with six full pages, and forty-five text line drawings by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Cloth, 256 pages.....45 cents

**The Four Wonders.** COTTON, WOOL, LINEN, SILK. Elnora E. Shillig.  
For grades three and four.

In short story form, the four great cloth industries are developed, each from its source to the finished product. What these stories embody of nature, industry, and fairy lore bound up with child life is well worth the attention of primary teachers.

Illustrated with four plates in colors, line and wash drawings by Charles Copeland, and photographs. Cloth, 137 pages.....50 cents

## Rand McNally & Company

Chicago

New York



# Fairy Friends and Awesome Strangers

## Summoned Out of the Glowing Past

in these supplementary readers for children  
—stories for the wonder time of childhood



**Adventures of a Brownie.** Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. Edited by Marion Foster Washburne. For grades three and four.

One of those rare stories that combine sweet and simple home atmosphere with the most winning folklore and nature elements. It seems quite natural for the Brownie to live like a cricket under a coal, and to appear at will in the fragrant orchards, and sweet green fields to frolic with the children. Loved by every child and grown-up who knows it.

Illustrated with a portrait of Mrs. Craik, a full-page half tone, and thirty-nine line drawings by Will Vawter. Cloth, 152 pages.....35 cents

**Indian Legends.** Marion Foster Washburne. For grades three and four.

Legends rich in imagery and strange impressiveness—stories that cast a spell about the reader. Chosen for their beauty, interest, and variety of type, and presented in nobly simple style, they mean an early interest on the part of the child not only in the history of the Red Man, but of the country that was his. The titles glow with the color of the story: The Flight from the Fourth to the Fifth World, Coyote and the Bear Maiden, Scarface, Tulchuherris, The Ice King.

Richly illustrated by Frederick Richardson. Cloth.....45 cents

**Old Fashioned Fairy Tales.** Marion Foster Washburne. For grades three and four.

Though really stories of our great grandmother's day, they have all the verve and interest of a first told tale. Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, The Sleeping Beauty, and Hop o' My Thumb, in the very delightful dress of Mrs. Washburne's weaving seem entirely new and original. Fascinating and full of action, these stories belong to that class whose interest never dies.

Five full pages in poster colors, and twenty-two text illustrations. Cloth, 115 pages.....45 cents

**The Early Sea-People.** FIRST STEPS IN THE CONQUEST OF THE WATERS. Katharine E. Dopp, University of Chicago. For grades three and four.

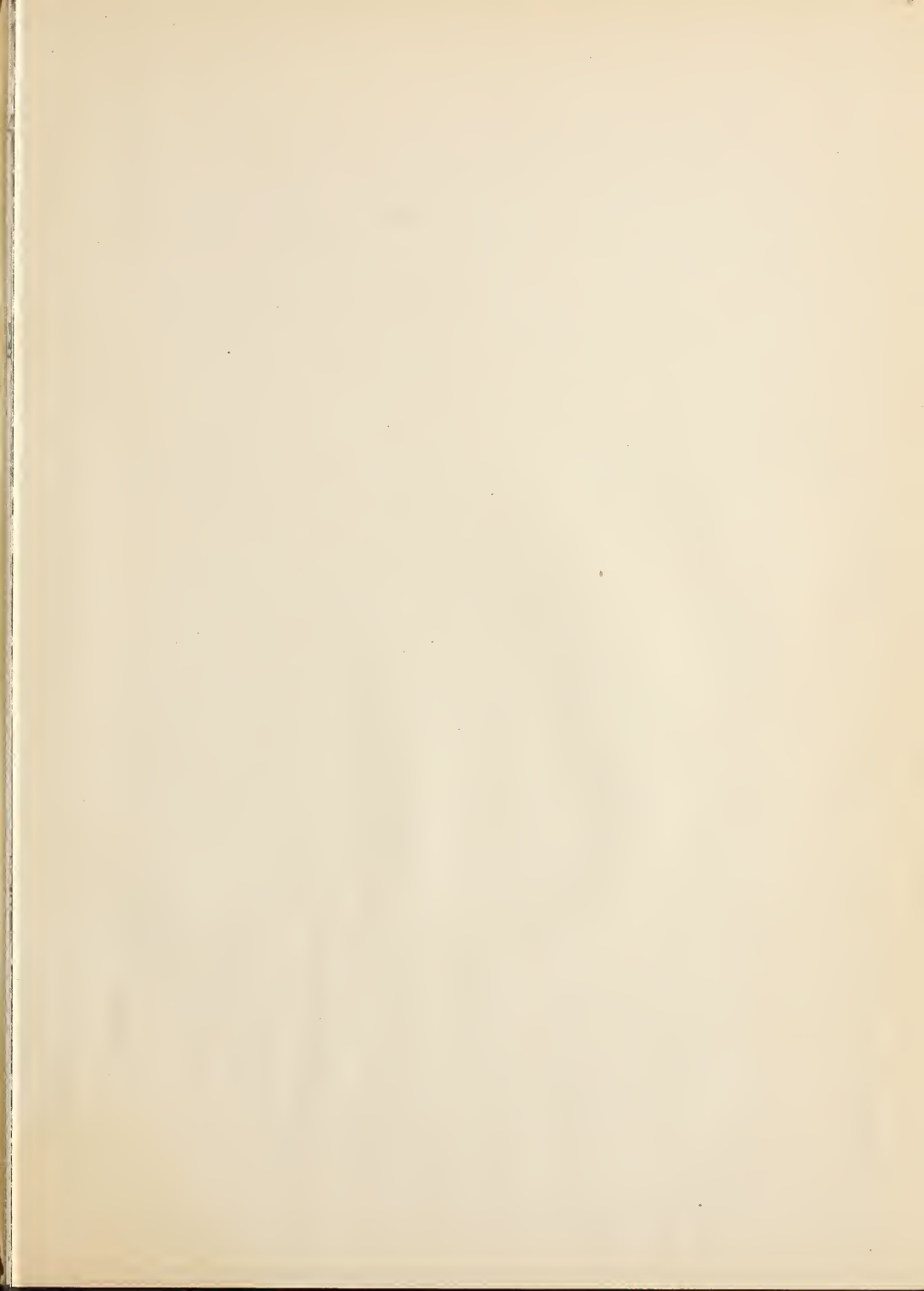
An absorbing story of fishing, the second industry of man, and its influence on race development. Tribes driven to the outskirts of the world settle on the shores of the sea, and their life is made by it. The hero of the age is the man who first ventured upon the vast unknown waters in search of food and a safer island home.

Unusual full-page and text illustrations by Howard V. Brown and Kyohei Inukai. Cloth, 244 pages.....50 cents

Chicago

Rand McNally & Company

New York

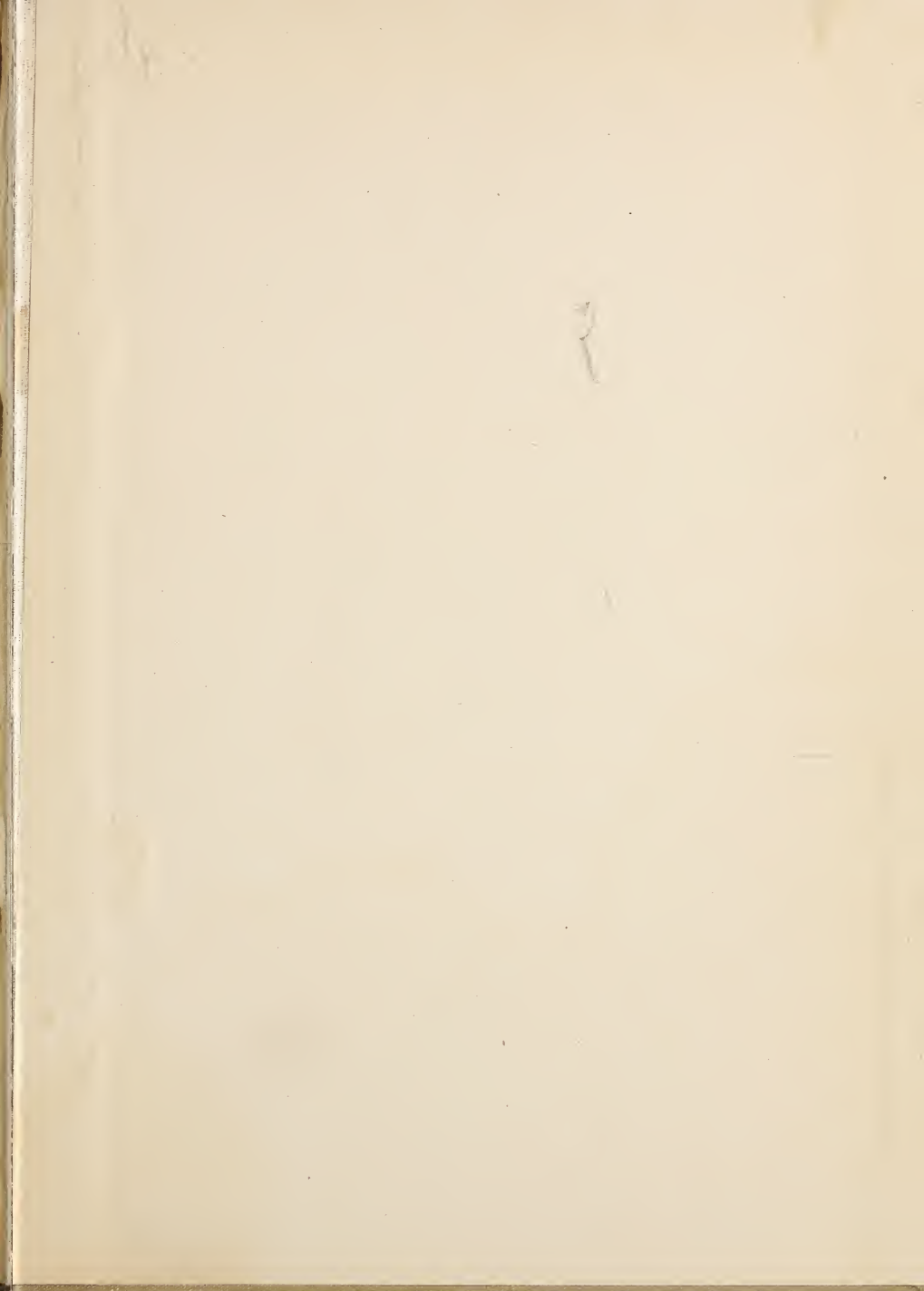


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2010

**PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 426 719 1